MARCH, 1901.

THE BOOKMAN

A Journal of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

We would call the attention of our readers to the paper on King Edward VII. in another part of this number of THE BOOKMAN. The writer of it is a gentleman long connected with one of the embassies in London, and his opportunities for gaining a first-hand knowledge of the new king's personality were exceptionally good. His name is withheld for obvious reasons.

The death of Queen Victoria has in itself nothing that involves the element of humour, but the most reverent mind could not fail to note the combination of ignorance and absurdity discernible in the comments and information contributed in such generous abundance by the American press. Thus, the *Sun* of this city expressed its surprise editorially that King Edward in issuing one of his first proclamations signed it "Edward R," instead of "Edward R. I." We should think that any editorial writer on a metropolitan daily ought to be aware of the fact that the Act of Parliament authorising the use of the title Empress of India or Emperor of India allowed its use in documents relating to the external members of the British Empire, and thus by implication forbade its use officially in Great Britain itself. Then there was the *Journal,* whose bright correspondent cabled over from London the interesting information that Queen Victoria was especially fond of Osborne House in the Isle of Wight because from its windows she could gaze upon the mausoleum of her late husband, the Prince Consort, at Frogmore. This would seem to contradict the general impression that the Queen's sight was somewhat defective in her later years, and it is very much as though one were to declare that President McKinley has an especial fondness for Atlantic City, since from his apartments when there he can look out upon the broad Ohio, washing the borders of his native State. But, in a certain way, the most amusing and the most voluminous writing has been done by those persons who have speculated at great length on the question as to whether the new king would revert to the absolutism of the Tudors or whether he would continue to be a constitutional monarch and allow Parliament and his ministers to govern. The humour of this is so decidedly naïve as to make it seem a pity to say anything about it. We really suppose that there are hundreds of thousands of people in this country who believe the pleasant little legal fiction that the English monarch rules as well as reigns.

Another of the mysteries of contemporary journalism is found in the cable despatches relative to the rioting in Madrid,

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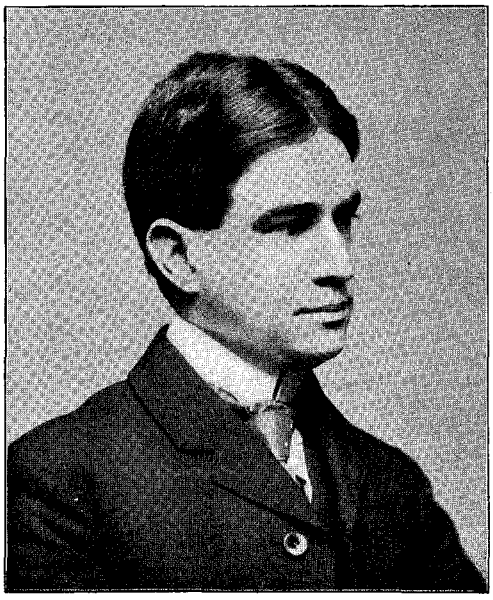

BURTON EGBERT STEVENSON.

where it appears that a "great and hostile crowd" assembled at the railway station and greeted Count Caserta with vociferous cries of *"Vive Liberté!"* and *"A bas Réaction!"* The mystery comes in when we try to explain just why a Spanish mob when particularly excited should vent its feelings in bad French rather than in the vernacular. Or can it be that the American papers which printed this bit of news tried to give it a little foreign colour, and in the absence of any knowledge of Spanish, threw in some broken French instead?

Historical Periods and the Historical Novel.

The writer of the present day who sits down to construct the historical romance is necessarily subject to a great many limitations in the matter of his period and of the historical personages whom he aims to introduce. That part of history which is in any way familiar to the general reader has been pretty thoroughly threshed out. For instance, when a few years ago Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett published *A Lady of Quality,* almost every reviewer alluded to the fact that the period and setting had been pre-empted by *The History of Henry Esmond,* and that Mrs. Burnett's book would inevitably invite a rather crushing comparison. Mr. Maurice Hewlett writes *Richard Yea-and-Nay,* an admirable story, and yet one which obliges the reader mentally to contrast Mr. Hewlett's Cœur de Lion and his time with the monarch and the environment of Scott's *Ivanhoe.* French history can be covered almost completely by naming a few very familiar books. We have the time of Louis XI. in *Quentin Durward.* A period somewhat later is treated in Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame.* The reign of the merry king François I. has been treated in a number of romances. Of subsequent French history there is hardly a decade that is not covered by one of the swiftly moving novels of the elder Dumas. After *Marguerite de Valois, La Dame de Monsoreau* and *Les Quarante Cinq* what can one find to say about the years preceding and following the massacre of St. Bartholomew? Novelists may find a certain inspiration in the power of Richelieu, the dramatic scenes of the Fronde and the early and glorious years of Louis XIV., but those times belong and always will belong to *Les Trois Mousquetaires, Vingt Ans Après* and *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne.*

"At Odds with the Regent."

While it is almost impossible to find in history an absolutely virgin field, a writer now and then stumbles on a period of years which, through having been written about very little, are so little known that he may for the time being make them to all practical purposes his own. This has been the case with Mr. Burton Egbert Stevenson's *At Odds with the Regent,* a story of Paris and the French Court in the second decade of the eighteenth century, when Louis XV. was a child and the succession was temporarily threatened by the Cellamare conspiracy. The idea of writing *At Odds with the Regent* first came to Mr. Stevenson in the autumn of 1899, after he had been reading some French memoirs. The period of the Regency appealed to him as one especially full of colour, and after studying very carefully all the available literature dealing with the time he found that it had been overlooked in a surprising manner by romancers in general. In fact, it has been treated only in two comparatively obscure works of fiction, Ainsworth's *John Law* and the *Chevalier d'Harmental* of the ubiquitous

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Dumas. *At Odds with the Regent* is, in many respects, far above the general run of recent historical novels. It is worth while reading for one chapter alone; that chapter which tells how the hero escaped from his jailers through a stratagem based on a game known as "Prisoner's Chase." The device is, so far as we know, absolutely new in fiction. It was adapted by the author from an old game called "Battle Game," or "Siege." The topography of old Paris, with which the story abounds, was studied from Turgot's map of the city in 1830 and Paul Lacroix's *The Eighteenth Century in France*. Mr. Stevenson is a Princeton man, class of '94. He left college at the end of his junior year to accept a newspaper position in Chillicothe, Ohio, his native city. He remained in newspaper work as city editor of the *Daily News*, and later of the *Daily Advertiser*, until August, 1899, when he resigned the latter position to accept that of librarian of the Chillicothe Public Library, an office which he still holds. His second novel, *A Soldier of Virginia*, a story of the Fort Necessity and Braddock expeditions, is soon to appear from the press of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

JIGGERS. CHARLES M. FLANDRAU.

A good deal of the recent fiction dealing with undergraduate life has been devoted to the experiences of the freshman. Some months ago Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams published his *Adventures of a Freshman*, and now Mr. Charles M. Flandrau treats of the same subject in *The Diary of a Freshman*. Mr. Flandrau first won a reputation with *Harvard Episodes*, which is undoubtedly one of the very best of all the books of college tales that have as yet been written. The hero of his new book is a young man from the West, who finds the environment of one of the great traditional universities of the East very different from his earlier associations.

We may reasonably be pardoned for calling attention with a certain pride to the very artistic series of books which is appearing under the general head of The Bookman Classics. This series is designed to include the principal works of English prose and verse. The books are

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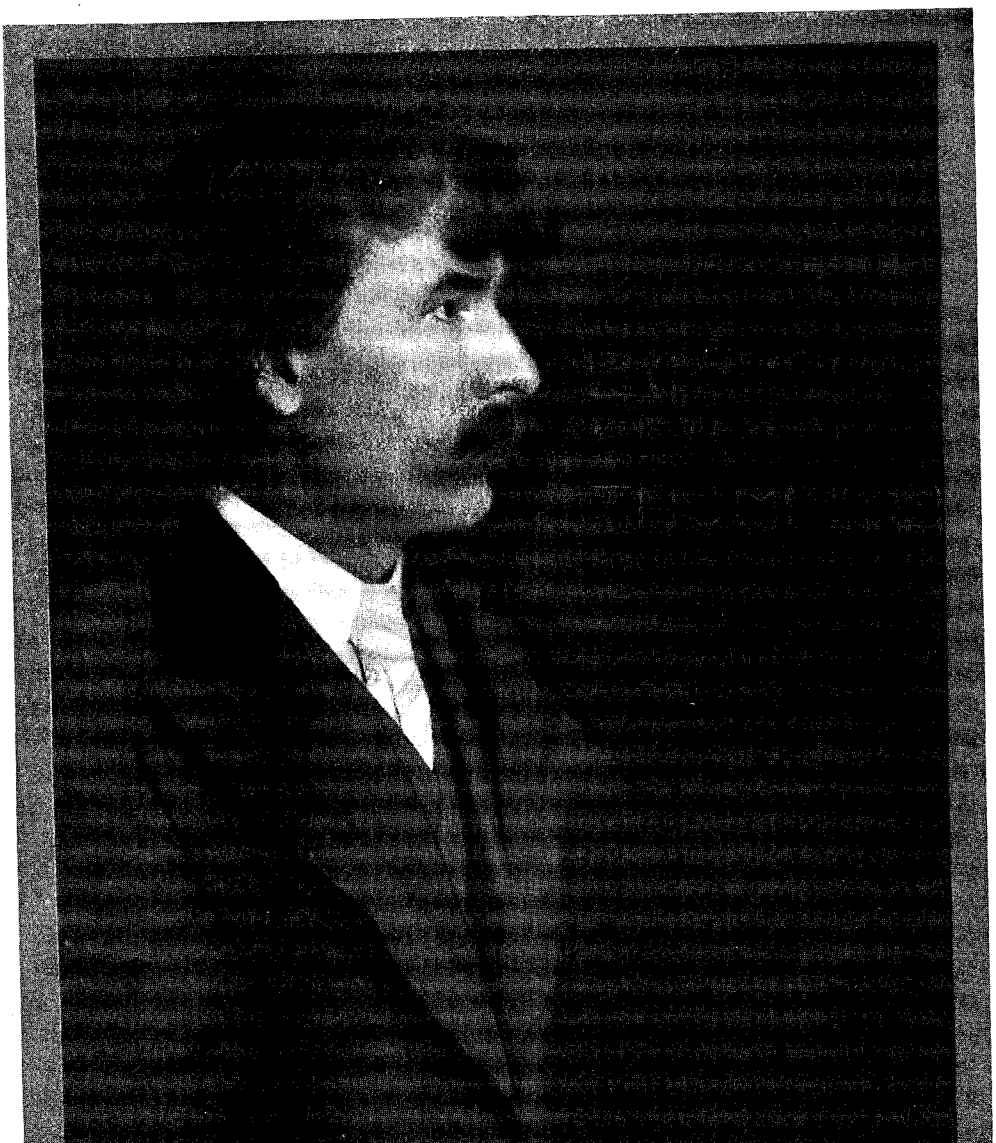
striking examples of the typographical art of the beginning of the new century. They are printed throughout in two colours on double-edged Mitteneague paper, with frontispiece in colour. The first volume of the series was Laurence Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*. It appeared in the autumn, and the publishers have since added Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter* and Hughes's *Tom Brown's School Days*.

It is only Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson's own remarkable personality and talent



ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON.

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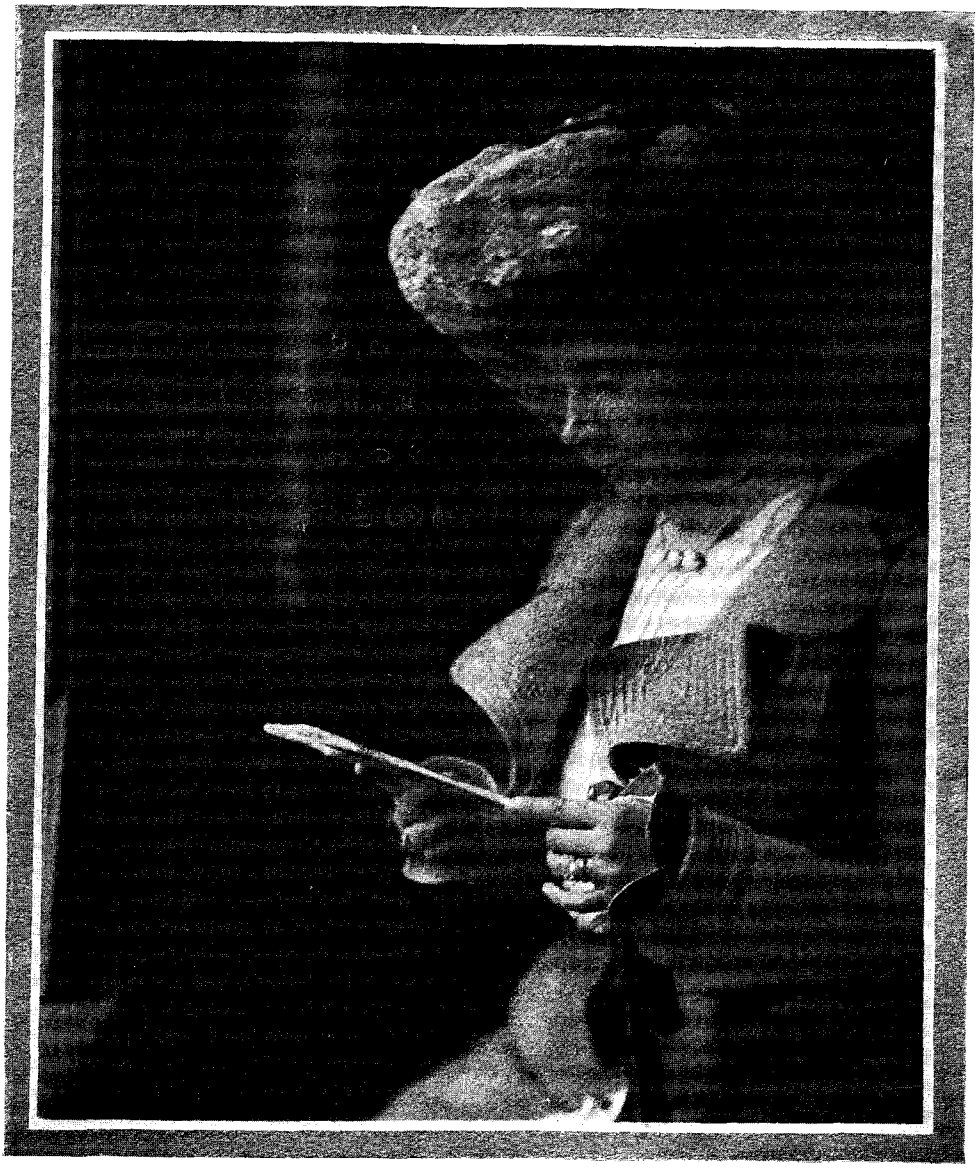
that keep him from being known as "Mrs. Ernest Seton-Thompson's husband." Mrs. Thompson, who, as almost every one knows, was Miss Grace Gallatin before her marriage, became intimately acquainted with her husband when he was engaged on his most important scientific work, *The Art Anatomy of Animals*. In the preparation of this book Miss Gallatin gave him great assistance. Mrs. Thompson's *A Woman Tenderfoot* is still in the full swing of popularity.

Geraldine Brooks.

Miss Geraldine Brooks's *Dames and Daughters of Colonial Days* has an interest quite apart from its literary merit, inasmuch as it emphasises a rather exceptional example of transmitted talent. Her grandfather, the Rev. Elbridge G. Brooks, of Philadelphia, was a strong and vigorous writer, and the author of two widely read books of religious and denominational discussion. He died in 1878. Her father, El-



GRACE GALLATIN SETON-THOMPSON.

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bridge S. Brooks, has for years enjoyed wide popularity as a writer of books for young people. Over forty volumes now bear his name. Miss Brooks was born in her grandfather's home in Philadelphia and brought up as a child in her father's library in Brooklyn, and, later, in Somerville, near Boston. She was educated in the Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn, and later at Radcliffe College. A year or two after she had left Radcliffe, her father was asked to write a book on the subject of Dames and Daughters of Colonial Days, but was obliged to refuse to undertake the work on account of other engagements. His advice was asked as to a competent writer for the book, and when he had suggested several well-known names he added that he had a daughter who knew more about the subject and could write better than he could himself. The publishers were pleased with the idea, and after some hesitation Miss Brooks consented to attempt the work, and submitted the sketches on Anne Hutchinson and Elizabeth Schuyler as specimens. The book was accepted then and there, and the author has been asked to write a companion volume. Miss Brooks was recently elected a member of the Boston Authors' Club.

GERALDINE BROOKS.

We have received the following letter:

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA, January 25, 1901.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

I address myself to you for aid in a little matter of justice. Through an unfortunate mistake, more than half of such credit as exists for the production of *Eastover Court-House* has redounded to me, whereas the major portion of it belongs to my collaborator, Mr. Boone. The story was his conception, and he had written the first draft of six chapters before ever I came into the game at all. Through the before-mentioned unfortunate mistake of the publishers, his name was entirely omitted in all the preliminary announcements of the book, and the tardy mention of his name gave somewhat the effect of his having crawled into it at the last moment—an effect that should have been mine if anybody's. That, therefore, I may no longer prance about in borrowed plumes—no matter how becoming they may be—I hope that you will publish this letter in your next issue, and greatly oblige

Your obedient servant,
(Signed) KENNETH BROWN.

A New Series of American Novels.

One is apt to be sceptical about any series of novels established with the avowed intention of giving encouragement to young and inexperienced authors; but in fairness, it must be admitted that the Messrs. Harper's projected series of distinctively American stories by comparatively new writers has had an unexpectedly auspicious beginning in *Eastover Court-House*. It is a story of contemporary life in a small town in Virginia—

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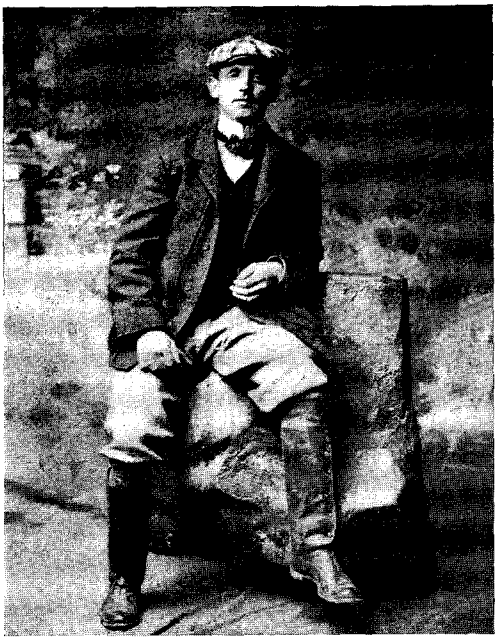

HENRY BURNHAM BOONE.

KENNETH BROWN.

one of those remoter towns where the leavening spirit of the "New South" has not yet had time to penetrate. It is the joint work of two young Southerners, Henry Burnham Boone and Kenneth Brown, who obviously have the gift of clear sight, physical and mental, and the discrimination to choose out from the multitude of every-day details the few essential facts that go to make a definite, clean-cut picture. The story is simple, and told in a straightforward style, and the characters bear the imprint of reality. In view of the discussion which certain chapters of the book are apt to provoke, it is interesting to know that all the scenes which deal with the problem of the colour-line, and especially such as that of the whipping of two thieving negroes, who are allowed to choose between jail and the old-time form of punishment, are said to be based upon actual occurrences of the past year or so, within the personal knowledge of the authors.

The Question of Identity.

There have been very few writers of prominence who have not at some time or other been called to account by people who recognised or thought they recognised in some unpleasant character certain of their own actions or peculiarities. Every now and then a novelist is threatened with a libel suit by some one who fancies himself or herself aggrieved. Usually the author has very little trouble in wriggling out of the difficulty. He can utterly repudiate the idea of having had the person in question in mind, in which case the one who has proclaimed himself injured is made to appear in an exceedingly ridiculous light. The history of fiction is full of cases of this kind, for instance, the number of Yorkshire schoolmasters who, after the appearance of *Nicholas Nickleby*, threatened an invasion of London to wreak vengeance on Dickens, recognising themselves in the character of Wackford Squeers. One of the most curious chapters in the history of the fiction of the last decade of the nineteenth century was that which dealt with the caricature of James McNeil Whistler as Joe Sibley in Du Maurier's *Trilby*. In that instance a considerable concession was made to the hypersensitive artist, and the Joe Sibley of the story's serial publication became an entirely different personage when *Trilby* appeared in book form. At times, in cases of this kind, an appeal made to the law has proved successful. A few years ago heavy damages were given against the

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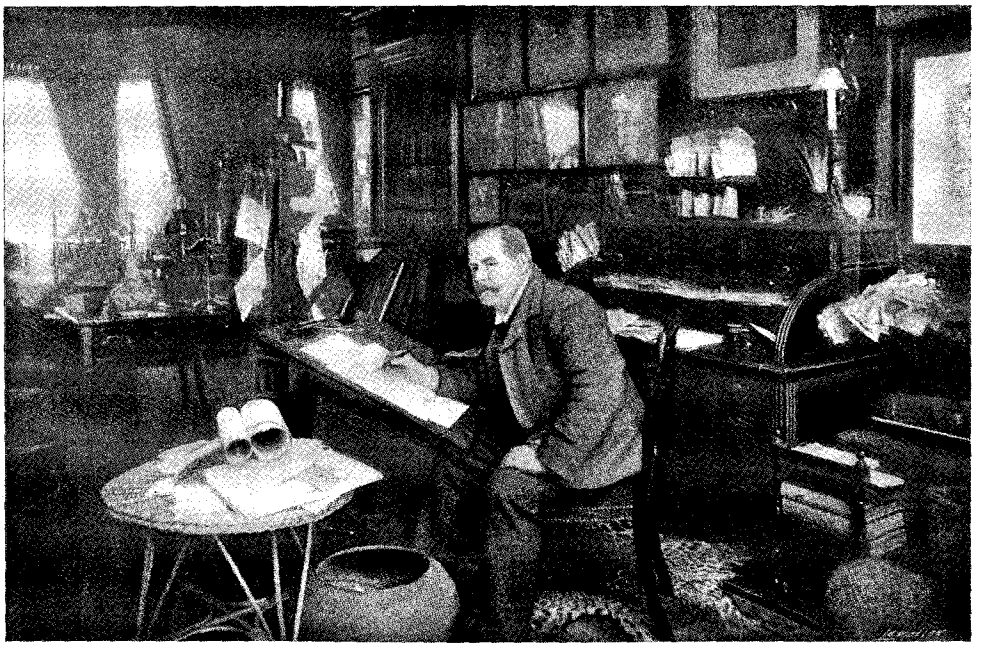
publishers of a novel in which an English merchant in the West Indies was libelled.

The Case of Lord Kilkerran.

A case which is now attracting some attention is, however, much more sweeping in its scope. It concerns the defamation of a real personage who has been dead for a century or two. In Neil Munro's novel, *Doom Castle,* which is running serially in *Blackwood's Magazine,* there is a character named Lord Kilkerran. This Lord Kilkerran died one hundred and forty years ago. In the book he is described as "an emeritus *roué* with a cruelly cynical knowledge of the world," and as having "the roving, bloodshot eyes of a fast liver." A direct lineal descendant of Lord Kilkerran, one Sir James Fergusson, has written a letter to the London *Spectator,* protesting against Mr. Munro's treatment of his ancestor. It will be rather interesting to learn what the author can say in reply. He may urge that he did not know of the existence of any descendant of the maligned nobleman who could feel aggrieved at the portrait. But this, of course, is merely an isolated case. It is obviously outside of the law, but the question is a large one, and should be judged by the tenets of good taste and of public opinion.

Linley Sambourne and "Punch."

An event of no minor significance in the English-reading world has been the retirement of Sir John Tenniel and the succession of Edward Linley Sambourne to Sir John's place at the head of London *Punch's* staff of artists. A recent number of the London *Sketch* contrasted at some length the difference in the methods of the two men. Sir John always worked direct with a pencil on to the block, while Mr. Sambourne always draws with pen and ink on a sheet of cardboard. Unlike his predecessor, Mr. Sambourne never draws without a model, and has the same liking for extremely tall women as had the late George du Maurier. In all his political cartoons he has had the same man pose for the figure of John Bull. The representative of the country was once one of the guardians of its laws, but has now retired to enjoy his ease. Despite his natural advantages of bulk and stature, his proportions are considerably enlarged by the artist's pencil. One of Mr. Sam-



LINLEY SAMBOURNE IN HIS STUDY.

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bourne's political cartoons represents two days' hard work. He works on Thursday and Friday from breakfast to luncheon-time, which means a stop for considerably less than ten minutes; and then he works on until tea-time, when he pauses only so long as is necessary to drink the cup of tea which is placed at his side, after which he resumes his tools and goes on until ten o'clock, at which time he dines, if one ought not to say sups. For the cartoon he makes two or three rough sketches before he definitely decides on the design, and in these sketches he considers carefully the dramatic significance of portions of his figure, as is instanced by the fact that in the John Bull of his (the vigorous Kitchener) first cartoon he debated for some time whether the hand should be up or down.

Mr. Hewlett's Style.

In all the discussion about Mr. Maurice Hewlett's *Richard Yea-and-Nay* we have scarcely seen anything upon the subject of the style in which he chose to write the descriptive parts of this very brilliant romance; yet a consideration of the point suggests many interesting comparisons. In writing an historical novel there are two courses open to the narrator with respect to the colouring of his style. He may tell the story in the language of the present day and give to the dialogue alone the particular flavour of quaintness or of archaism that belongs to the period of which he writes, or he may endeavour throughout the whole work, including both the dialogue and the narrative, to aim at a style which is sufficiently antique to heighten the illusion of the story. Thus, for instance, Sir Walter Scott, no matter what the period may be of which he writes, sets forth the narrative-parts of his novel in the language of his own time, while his characters talk somewhat after the fashion in which men and women may be supposed to have talked in the age with which the story has to do. In *Old Mortality,* for instance, the dialogue is sufficiently coloured and flavoured with the mannerisms of the seventeenth century to satisfy the reader's mind and to create an atmosphere of historical actuality; and this is most successfully accomplished in the conversation of those personages who represent, on the one hand, the courtly soldiers and gentlemen, such as Claverhouse, and, on the other hand, the fanatical Covenanters, whose strongly Biblical modes of speech Sir Walter very effectively reproduced. The same thing is true in *Peveril of the Peak* and *Woodstock,* the scene of which is laid in the same century. In *The Fortunes of Nigel* he takes us back a step to the Jacobean period, and is equally successful, as he is also in *Kenilworth,* where the language of his characters is sufficiently Elizabethan to create the necessary illusion. In *Quentin Durward* and *Ivanhoe* and *The Talisman* he had a somewhat different task; since in these novels, where the characters, in the main, may be supposed to have spoken either French or, at least, a sort of *lingua franca,* Scott had to invent a kind of style which should be archaic, which should smack of the language of chivalry, and which should still possess enough versimilitude to create the proper impression upon the reader's mind. This he did with most remarkable skill. The language which he puts into the mouth of the Duke of Burgundy and Louis XI., for instance, and Brian de Bois Guilbert and Cedric the Saxon and Saladin is, undoubtedly, a sort of language that was never heard from the lips of mortal man at any period of the world's history; yet there is something vivid and noble and striking about it; and, moreover, the age in which these scenes are laid is so remote from our own that those who have no antiquarian knowledge possess no standard of criticism by which this dialogue can be tested. Hence, Scott's chivalresque and romantic dialect was not only immensely successful, so that it has been perpetuated by a whole school of subsequent writers, but it was in itself something in the nature of an artistic creation. If it was not true, it was, at least, *ben trovato.*

Thackeray, however, in writing *Henry Esmond,* attempted a much more difficult experiment in trying to unify and harmonise the style of the dialogue and the style of the narrator, so that they should both be a faithful replica of the English of Queen Anne's time. In this, as every one knows, he was marvellously successful, inasmuch as no flaw has been discovered in his wonderful piece of imitation, except that James Russell Lowell

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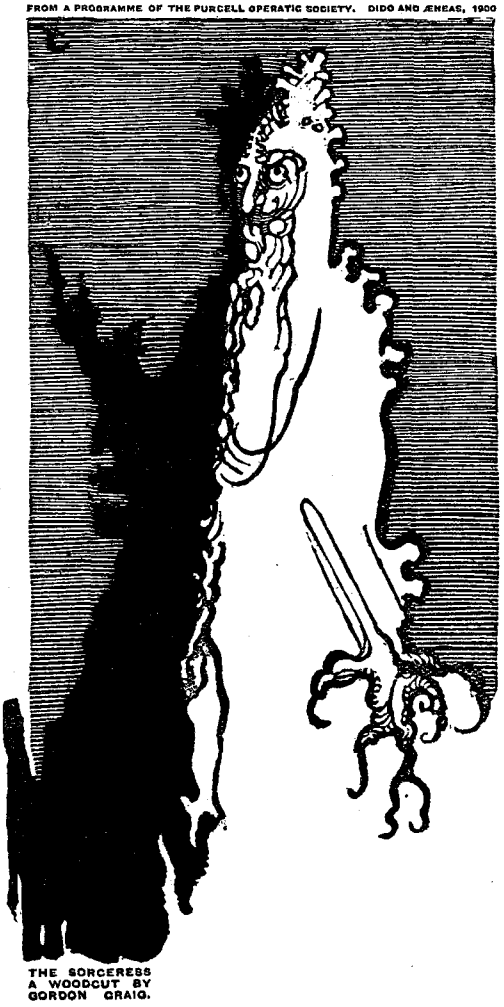
once pointed out his use of "different to" —a Briticism which is of later introduction, and, therefore, anachronistic in what purported to be Addisonian English. Thackeray, as we have said, succeeded, though he ruined his own style in doing so and never wholly got it back again. Mr. Blackmore, in *Lorna Doone,* accomplished a somewhat similar feat with a much duller story; and since then a good many persons have tried it with more or less lack of knowledge, as may be seen by a critical perusal of *Richard Carvel.*

Mr. Hewlett, in *Richard Yea-and-Nay,* has effected a sort of compromise. Dealing, as he does, with the same period and with the same personages that are set forth for us in *Ivanhoe* and *The Talisman,* he has constructed a style and a vocabulary that have something like an historical basis. For them he has gone primarily to the monkish chroniclers of the twelfth century; and the essential flavour of his English is drawn from them, although he has vivified and enriched it from modern sources, doing this always with great literary tact and discretion. The book opens with what purports to be an extract from the record of the Abbot Milo, a Carthusian monk of Poictiers, and its brief paragraphs are to the book what an overture is to a modern opera, in that it gives us a hint of the themes and of the melodies that are later to be developed in all their fulness and completeness. Throughout the book Mr. Hewlett in his dialogue keeps very closely to the mode of speech that was characteristic of that age—an age when the artificial conceits of the Troubadours were beautified by the spirit of true romance and spontaneous poetry. The language, then, is both piquant and forceful, and has a genuine pictorial quality. It is full of picturesque oaths, of metaphors, of obscure allusions, and there are in it often also the fire and the fierceness that go with a fighting age.

In the purely narrative-parts of the story Mr. Hewlett has not attempted anything like a reproduction of the style of the chronicler, for that would have hampered him, and in the end would have wearied his readers by its monotony. Nevertheless, with great ingenuity he has allowed to filter through his own style just a bit of the mediæval colouring, so that the result is a vocabulary and a mode of expression that are in perfect keeping with his dialogue, to which they form a picturesque and harmonious setting. This is true art, and the beauty of it can be seen in many a noble passage, such, for instance, as that which describes the campaign of Richard against his father (pp. 94-98), that which tells of the honeymoon of Richard and Jehane, and that which describes the siege of Acre. Here are at once strength and fire and feeling—the English of a master. One blemish only (a sorry one) we have detected, and that is the injection into this superb piece of writing of a wretched bit of modern British, in the use of adjectives and adverbs ending in—*ish,* which are cockneyfied to a degree. Thus (p. 238):

FROM A PROGRAMME OF THE PURCELL OPERATIC SOCIETY. DIDO AND ÆNEAS, 1900



THE SORCERESS
A WOODCUT BY
GORDON CRAIG.

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By the time (lateish) when King Richard was announced, Gaston of Béarn and young Saint-Pol had their swords half out.

This is bad enough, but it becomes worse when it is put into the mouth of the Dauphin of France (p. 73):

"*Tu Dieu*, yes," says the Dauphin; "but it is a stoutish back, Richard."

Which for the moment seems to convert the Dauphin from a mediæval prince into a smug bank-clerk going along the Strand on a 'bus.

❧

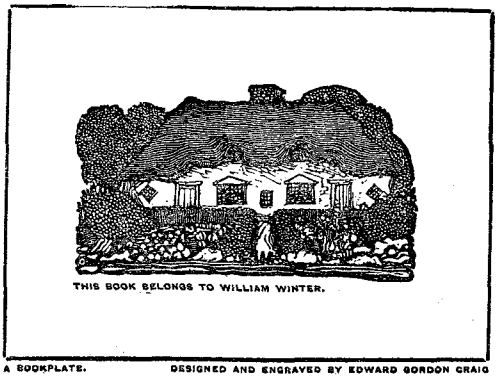
Some months ago we noted the appearance of a curious little art magazine published in England, bearing the title *The Page*. It was in many respects unique, and we called attention to some of its quaintest and most artistic designs. Consequently, we have been interested to find that *The Page* is to be published also in this country, and we herewith reproduce three of its most felicitous illustrations.

❧

In the Matter of the Popular Novel.

Readers in general have come to realise that the present time is remarkable in the matter of the large demand for popular books; but very few, we think, realise fully the significance of the great sales which are being exploited by publishers. There are now in full swing of favour eleven books which have averaged a sale of almost one hundred thousand copies. Adequately to appreciate what this means one must go back a few years and consider the favourites of a not very remote past. All of us can remember Mr. Du Maurier's *Trilby* and its vogue. There has been no individual novel of recent years, perhaps of any years, so much written about and discussed. The cartoonists made merry over it. They builded their drawings about political Svengalis and political Little Billees. Eccentrics delighted in walking up and down Murray Hill arm in arm and attired like certain favourite characters of the story. It exerted a very positive and definite influence on dress. Certain of its phrases became assimilated into our every-day talk. And yet *Trilby*, which was, practically speaking, without a rival, and with all its extraordinary vogue, has reached a sale of but one hundred and ninety thousand copies. Compare this with the figures on the following list, from which the books which were published more than fifteen months ago, such as *David Harum* and *Richard Carvel* and *Janice Meredith* and even *To Have and to Hold*, which appeared last spring, have been omitted.

IRVING AS "BADGER" IN "THE STREETS OF LONDON." GORDON CRAIG



A BOOKPLATE. DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY EDWARD GORDON CRAIG

Eben Holden,		250,000
Alice of Old Vincennes,	(about)	175,000
The Reign of Law,		130,000
In the Palace of the King,		105,000
The Master Christian,		90,000
The Cardinal's Snuff-Box,		70,000
Eleanor,	(about)	60,000
Tommy and Grizel,		60,000
Stringtown on the Pike,		50,000
The Redemption of David Corson,		50,000
Monsieur Beaucaire,		42,000

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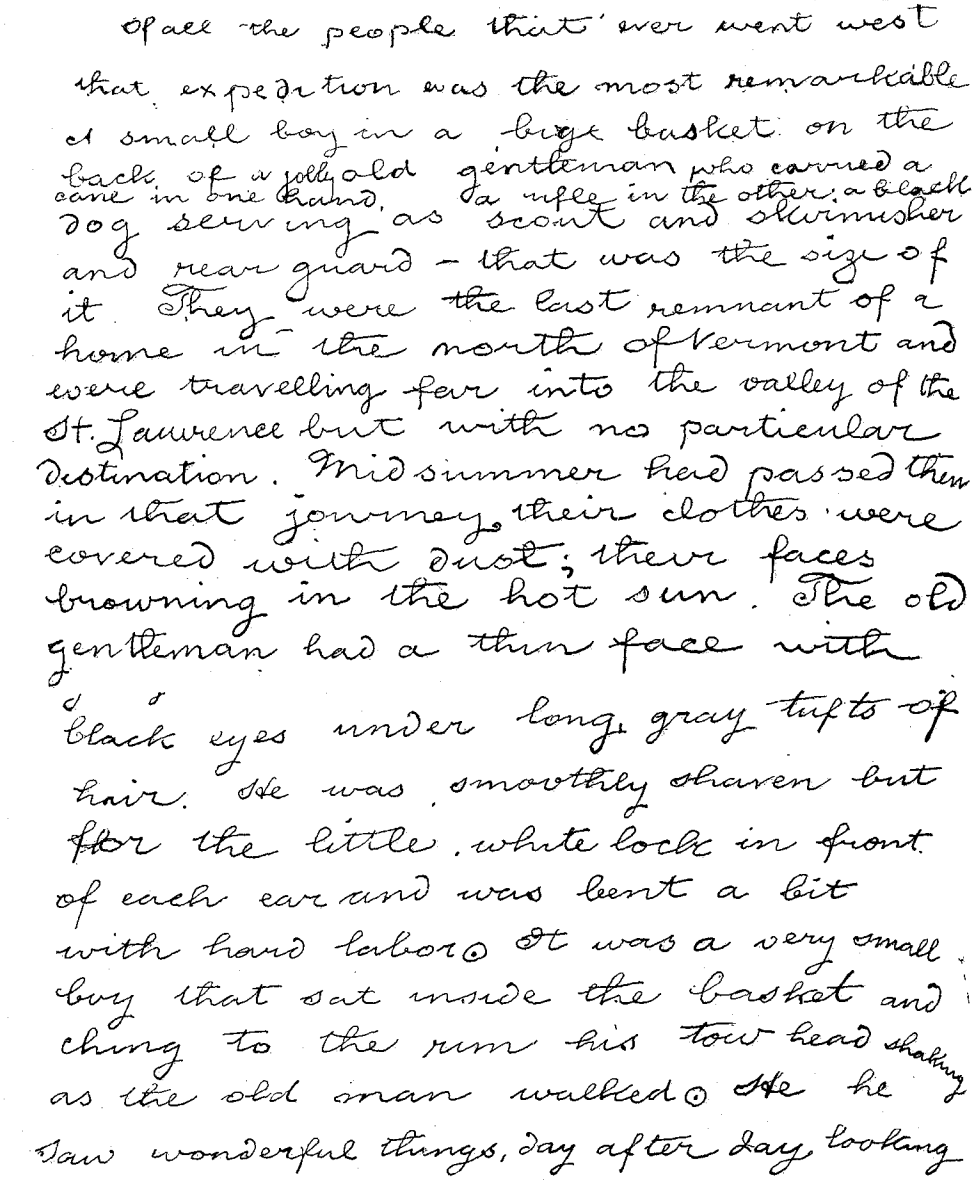
Among the popular books of the season there are two which in point of large sales have almost from the time they came from the press stood out with striking prominence. These are Mr. Irving Bacheller's *Eben Holden* and Mr. Maurice Thompson's *Alice of Old Vincennes*. Of the genesis of Mr. Bacheller's delightful story of the North Country we said something in a recent number of THE BOOKMAN. The whole basis of *Alice of Old Vincennes* is solidly historical. Not a single liberty was taken with the facts relating to the capture and recapture of old Vincennes and the march of Colonel Clarke and his band from Kaskaskia. The American flag was made by Madame Godere just as is described in the story. In writing a history of Indiana and of Louisiana, Mr. Thompson's researches called his attention to the romantic possibilities of the Clarke expedition. Long before he began work on *Alice* he had prepared the scenario of a play dealing with the period and scene. Of this scenario he had said nothing, and so was greatly astonished to receive one day a letter from an Indianapolis publishing


Of all the people that ever went west
that expedition was the most remarkable
a small boy in a huge basket on the
back of a jolly old gentleman who carried a
cane in one hand, a rifle in the other; a black
dog serving as scout and skirmisher
and rear guard — that was the size of
it. They were the last remnant of a
home in the north of Vermont and
were travelling far into the valley of the
St. Lawrence but with no particular
destination. Midsummer had passed them
in that journey, their clothes were
covered with dust; their faces
browning in the hot sun. The old
gentleman had a thin face with
black eyes under long gray tufts of
hair. He was smoothly shaven but
for the little white lock in front
of each ear and was bent a bit
with hard labor. It was a very small
boy that sat inside the basket and
clung to the rim his tow head shaking
as the old man walked. He he
saw wonderful things, day after day, looking

FAC-SIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF IRVING BACHELLER'S "EBEN HOLDEN."

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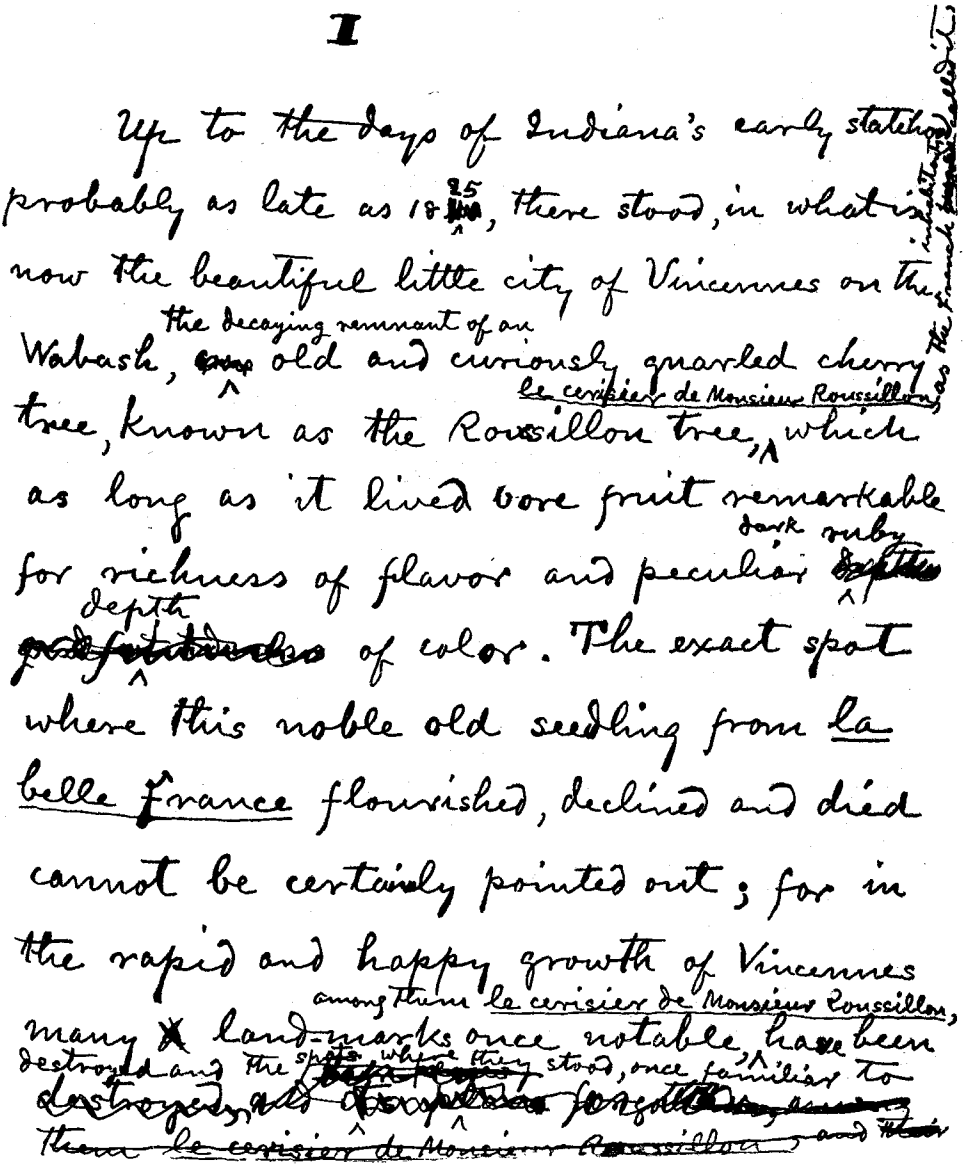
house asking him to write a novel on the subject. Alice Roussillon is not purely an imaginary creation. Mr. Thompson first encountered her in the private letters treasured by one of the first of the old creole families of Indiana.

"Powers That Prey" and Recent Police Exposures.

We have had occasion a number of times to call attention to the manner in which actual life as it is is shown in the columns of the daily newspapers as vindicating some seemingly far-fetched plot or situation in a work of fiction; but we do not remember any cases that have been more curious than those which we shall now record. The first case deals with Josiah Flynt's and Francis Walton's *Powers That Prey,* which was reviewed at length in THE BOOKMAN'S January number. No one who has read this book and who, in addition, is a resident of New York, or reads the New York papers, can fail to be impressed by the amazing manner in which the recent police upheaval brought to light some of the most *outré,* bizarre and apparently imaginative incidents of



I

Up to the days of Indiana's early statehood, probably as late as 1825, there stood, in what is now the beautiful little city of Vincennes on the Wabash, the decaying remnant of an old and curiously gnarled cherry tree, known as the Roussillon tree, which as long as it lived bore fruit remarkable for richness of flavor and peculiar dark ruby depth of color. The exact spot where this noble old seedling from la belle France flourished, declined and died cannot be certainly pointed out; for in the rapid and happy growth of Vincennes many land-marks once notable, have been destroyed and the spots where they stood, once familiar to them le cerisier de Monsieur Roussillon, and their

FAC-SIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF MAURICE THOMPSON'S "ALICE OF OLD VINCENNES."

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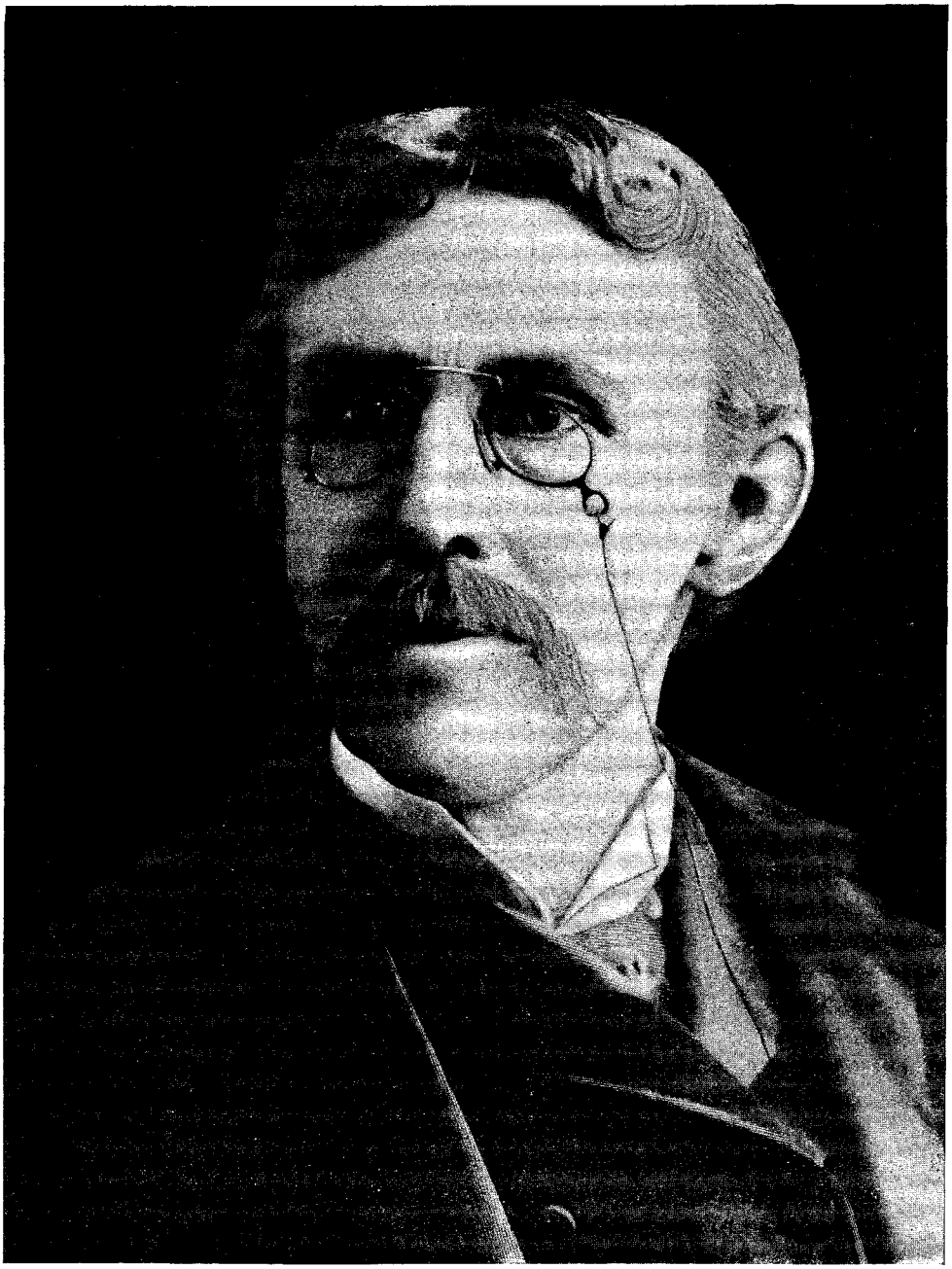
the stories. Had not these tales appeared before the public investigation of police methods and of the conditions of the "Red Light" district of New York City was precipitated by the Rev. Mr. Paddock's affront at the hands of Captain Herlihy, no one would for an instant have doubted that they were directly inspired by these events as recorded in the public press. As a matter of fact, the authors did not even foresee the exposure of the existing conditions. Simply while build-



MAURICE THOMPSON.

Mr. Thompson died Friday, February 15.

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ing up these stories they spent a great deal of time investigating and studying the dens and groggeries with which the lower East Side of the city is honeycombed, and in this study found the local colour and freshness which gave the final touch to the tales themselves.

Methods of Literary Collaboration.

Whenever a successful novel or volume of short stories appears as the joint work of two writers there is always a very natural curiosity as to the part that each writer individually contributed toward the whole. In the present case there have been many opinions expressed, and so many of them have been utterly wide of the truth, that we think it of interest to say positively just how some of these tales were put together. In the first place, the foundations were laid in the experiences of Josiah Flynt during the errant years which he spent in vagabond life, and in experiences not absolutely dissimilar which befell Francis Walton a number of years ago when he was living for a time in Denver, Colorado. Flynt's impressions and methods of life are familiar to all who have read his *Tramping with Tramps* and his recently published *Notes of an Itinerant Policeman.* Walton during the time of his residence in Denver was closely associated with the State and municipal administration and with the courts, and thus became thoroughly familiar with the manner in which justice is usually administered, or perverted, as the case may be. In consequence, each contributed his share to each individual story, and the main result of the collaboration was simply to knit more firmly the different parts.

In regard to the actual manner of co-operation, the two writers, after a general consultation on the plan and scope of the book, worked separately, seldom seeing each other oftener than once a fortnight. The first manuscripts of "Sentence Day" and "A Dead One" were written by Mr. Flynt, and have remained in revision essentially his separate stories, with the stamp of his work, with which readers have become familiar in "Jamie the Kid" and "Old Boston Mary" in *Tramping with Tramps,* upon them. The eight remaining tales were planned by Mr. Walton, who wrote the parts which dealt with matters that had come under his observation, left blank the pages that were to deal with matters that lay within Mr. Flynt's observation, and sent the manuscript to Mr. Flynt, who filled in the blanks. After a revision, the tales had taken their present shape. The introduction is Mr. Walton's, Mr. Flynt dissenting, at least, from the words and accent of some portions of it.

As an instance, let us take "The Prison Demon," one of the most vivid and dramatic of all the tales which make up the volume. The story as it appears in print tells of a detective who, moved by his infatuation for the wife of a professional criminal, finds a means of having the criminal sent to prison for a long period. Then with the husband out of the way, he forces the wife ultimately to surrender by arresting her every few days on the charge of being "drunk and disorderly," and as frequently paying her fine after she is sentenced in the police court the next morning. The end of the story tells of how the husband in prison, finding out the facts of the case, inveigles his conqueror to his cell, and there cuts him to pieces. This story is very typical of the authors' method of collaboration. The original of "The Prison Demon" was, and possibly still is, incarcerated in a prison in Ohio. It was there that Flynt fell in with him and learned much of his moods and of his characteristics. The other part of the story was founded on one of Walton's experiences in Denver. The original of Detective Ackery was a police officer, who, under much the same circumstances, overcame the resistance of a woman in exactly the same manner as the detective did in the tale.

Some of the untold incidents of the true story of "Peggy Niven" are to be used in another collection of tales of the underworld, on which the authors of *Powers That Prey* are at work. Although in the story itself the first scene is supposed to be laid in Kansas City, the events really happened in Denver. The bank robbery, with which the tale ends, took place practically as it is described. The robber entered the private office of the

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bank president with a revolver in one hand and a valise, which he said contained nitroglycerine, in the other, and forced the president to surrender the $21,000 demanded. For some months after the robbery this story was regarded with suspicion until the culprit, under sentence of death for a later crime, made a full confession and restored a portion of the money. On this later crime was based a considerable part of the story "Found Guilty." In "Found Guilty" a professional criminal named Howard Slifer is arrested, convicted and hanged for a crime of which he is personally innocent. The real criminals who robbed the bank and incidentally murdered the police officer had previous to the crime been in Paris, whence they returned to New York. In the commission of the crime one of them is severely injured, and during his convalescence he comes to believe that his companion is trying to play him false —"give him the chilly mitt"—to use the vernacular of the Underworld, and in the hand-to-hand struggle which follows the sick man sends a bullet through his companion's heart. A year after the bank robbery, in which the bank president was suspected of being at least an accomplice, the sheriff of Arapahoe County, in which Denver is situated, received a telegram from the East, asking him to "come on" in connection with the robbery. On his arrival he found a criminal named King, who was about to be hanged for murder. King confessed that it was he who had entered the bank and forced the president to disgorge. He had gotten safely away, had buried the major part of his booty, and was enjoying life in an Eastern city when he was taken desperately ill. Being, as he thought, at the point of death, he summoned a friend and fellow-criminal to his bedside and told him the story of the robbery and the whereabouts of the buried money. He did not die, however. The crisis passed, and he began speedily to recover. Then there came to him the conviction that his friend was about to betray him, to steal away from his bedside and to unearth and enjoy the money. This feeling engendered in him a hatred and despair, which ended only when, at a favourable opportunity, he drew a revolver and blew out his friend's brains. It was for this murder that King was to be hanged.

"Stringtown on the Pike."

Fully as striking and sensational is the vindication of certain of the more extraordinary episodes of the closing chapters of John Uri Lloyd's *Stringtown on the Pike*. The conviction of Red Head, it will be remembered, is brought about by the testimony of the expert chemist, Professor Samuel Drew, who swears that certain results could be brought about only by the reaction of strychnine, and that in consequence Nordman died from strychnine administered by his nephew. At the end of the book Professor Drew is shown by Susie that under certain conditions the reaction of hydrastine is practically the same as that of strychnine, and that Red Head had died an innocent man. No sooner had the book appeared than letters from people in all parts of the country began pouring in on Mr. Lloyd. Many of these were from practical chemists, utterly flouting the theories advanced. Fortunately, however, every line which dealt with the matter of hydrastine reaction had been written after careful research and experiment, and to each of his critics Mr. Lloyd was able to say, "Apply the test and see for yourself." After reading *Stringtown on the Pike* Judge Harmon, who was attorney-general of the United States during President Cleveland's administration, sat down and wrote to the author, telling him of the resemblance of some points of the story to the trial of a case in which his firm had recently been engaged. "If I did not know," wrote Judge Harmon, "that the book was written before that trial, I should feel entitled to claim credit for material furnished you."

The chapters of *Stringtown on the Pike* which dealt with the mountain feud between the family of the Red Head Boy and the Holcombs were drawn from the author's impressions of similar feuds which took place years ago. He could not in any way foresee the startling events that were to come. Long after the story had been completed and had passed out of Mr. Lloyd's hands, and a very few weeks before the first instalment of its serial form appeared in print, the attention of people in every part of the country was turned toward the State with which the story deals. The assassination of

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William Goebel and the circumstances which led up to it and were attendant upon it reproduced with striking fidelity many of the more extraordinary incidents of the novel. The story of one of the most dramatic and bloody feuds in the history of Kentucky, that between the McCoy and Hatfield families, was retold in a recent number of *Munsey's Magazine*. It was from this feud more than any other that Mr. Lloyd drew the material for the mountain chapters of his book. Beginning with a petty squabble over the ownership of a pair of hogs, the feud continued until ten people were shot to death and more than a dozen were seriously wounded. The leader of the Hatfield clan and the figure who stood out as the cruellest and most vindictive of all those who had any part in the bitter war was Anderson Hatfield, known as "Bad Anse," or "Devil Anse." "Devil Anse," who is the central figure in the accompanying photograph, was a distiller of moonshine whiskey. It was he who led the party which captured three of the McCoy brothers, tied them against bushes and mercilessly shot them to death. The writer of the article tells of a visit to the abandoned home of "Devil Anse" on the east bank of Tug River, opposite the mouth of Peter Creek. He found there in a frame above the fireplace a gaudy lithograph, which read:

There's no place like our home.

And some one familiar with the history of the locality had scribbled on the white margin, beneath the letters, this addition:

Leastwise, not this side of hell.

Captain Starlight.

Not very remote from this subject was a story which appeared in the columns of a recent issue of the New York *Sun*. It concerned Rolf Boldrewood's story, *Robbery Under Arms*, and came from Perth, the capital of Western Australia. A sensation has been created in Perth, the story read, by the discovery that "Major" Pelly, who died some time ago from a dose of poison accidentally self-administered, and who,

THE HATFIELD CLAN.

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up to the time of his decease, was a member of the civil service of Western Australia, and acted as secretary to the government geologist, was the notorious bushranger, Gordon, the original of "Captain Starlight," in Rolf Boldrewood's *Robbery Under Arms*. In Perth it was recognised that he was a man of no mean attainments, and a particularly eloquent extempore speaker. Generally he was reserved, and only on rare occasions was he known to speak of himself. All the information that he ever volunteered was that he had seen active service, and in proof of this he displayed numerous bullet wounds. From the large quantities of papers found in his apartments after his death it is clear that "Pelly" was highly educated and of extraordinary abilities.

It has been gleaned that the real name of "Pelly" was Frank Pearson, and that he had received a great part of his education at Rome. After a wild life in London he emigrated to Australia, where in 1864 he joined a gang of bushrangers, of which he speedily became the recognised leader. In spite of his associations Pearson, *alias* Frank Gordon, or, as he was generally called, "Captain Starlight," did not display the coarser or more brutal instincts of the other outlaws; and finally there was a split in the gang, owing to the leader's opposition to useless bloodshed. Henceforth the gentleman knight of the road was associated with a young fellow named Rutherford, and the pair carried out a number of skilfully planned and daring robberies of banks and of gold while in transit from the diggings into the large towns. There was a reward of £1000 offered for Pearson and £800 for his comrade, when on a Sunday evening they were surrounded by the police while drinking in a public house. In making their escape "Starlight" was shot through the shoulder. The "Captain," having reached his hiding place in the mountains, sent Rutherford to a Frenchman, a publican, to obtain money deposited with him in order that the two bushrangers might decamp from a district which had become unpleasantly warm. It was late when Rutherford reached the Frenchman's place, and he found him dispensing drinks to customers. Having apprised the landlord of the object of his visit, that worthy whispered to him to "stick up" the men in the bar. The young outlaw turned to do so, when the Frenchman, actuated, no doubt, by greed, throttled him from behind. In the struggle Rutherford's pistol went off, and he was shot through the brain. "Starlight" vowed vengeance, and one morning set fire to the Frenchman's house and stayed in front of the only outlet with a loaded revolver, waiting for his victim. But the screams of a woman and her two children inside changed his purpose, and Pearson rushed into the flames and rescued the three at the peril of his life. In the confusion the Frenchman escaped. Soon afterward the "Captain" was surrounded by mounted police, and after a fierce struggle, in which he shot one of the constables dead and was himself desperately wounded, he was captured. He was sentenced to death, but this was commuted to penal servitude for life. After serving sixteen years and four months he was released in 1884. No one in the West Australian civil service had the remotest idea of the "major's" real antecedents. With the skill and daring characteristic of "Starlight's" career throughout he played a part and played it well.

The February number of *Harper's* contains a paper by Professor Brander Matthews, entitled "Questions of Usage in Words," a description that is inexact, as it discusses something more than purely verbal questions, and enters into the domain of syntax. The paper itself is both interesting and suggestive, yet we strongly disapprove of parts of it—and for reasons. In the first place, Professor Matthews devotes a good deal of space to the discrediting of "purists," which might be all very well if he did not classify under the head of "purists" all those who object to slovenliness of speech, and who apply to written English a stricter standard than that by which they judge colloquial speech. Thus, he is for the split infinitive, the misplaced "only," the neglect of the subjunctive and even so monstrous a thing as the retained object, though he admits that this last syntactical freak is theoretically open to objection. He urges the old, old argument that because these and other blemishes are sometimes found in reputable writers, owing to the carelessness that belongs to every living man, they are,

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therefore, justified and made respectable. That is, a writer's defects, as well as his merits, are sacred for all time. If Shakespeare represents Roman senators as carrying watches, or introduces cannon as in use at the siege of Troy, doubtless Professor Matthews would argue that these things are a part of the great dramatist's subtle realism, and not evidences of his anachronistic ignorance. In fact, when Mr. Matthews was constructing his play of *Peter Stuyvesant* he ought, on the same principle, to have worked into it the Dewey Arch and an automobile. What he fails to see is that the "purists," even the most puristic of them, are doing a very useful work in acting as a brake upon the wheel of linguistic change, which has a tendency to move far too rapidly. There is no fear lest usage become cramped and our vocabulary impoverished; but there is a decided danger lest the one become formless and the other vulgarised. Take away the restraining force and the wise conservatism of the purists, and encourage unreservedly experiments with "solecisms, neologisms, Briticisms (*lasso!*) and Australianisms, if need be, however ugly some of these may seem," and there will be left in neither our written nor our spoken language any of the grace, the dignity and the distinction which it is the desire of the "purists" to preserve.

There is another little matter in this paper by Mr. Matthews which we cannot conscientiously overlook. He observes, with reference to the "purist," once again: "He is often wholly at sea in regard to his theories and to his facts—more often than not." Now, this is just what is the trouble with Mr. Matthews. In fact, one would almost think that in this respect he was one of his own "purists." For instance, in discussing the use of a verb in the singular in agreement with two singular co-ordinated subjects (as in Kipling's line "The shouting and the tumult *dies*"), Mr. Matthews, arguing for the correctness of this usage, reverently cites Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury, of Yale University, as follows:

> There is a rule of Latin syntax that two or more substantives joined by a copulative require the verb to be in the plural. This has been foisted into the grammar of English, of which it is no more true than it is of modern German.

Now, Professor Lounsbury is a good man, and he knows as much about the history of the English language as any one in this country. Furthermore, it is pleasant to see Mr. Matthews so imbued with a belief in Professor Lounsbury's omniscience as to say of one of his dicta that it is "really a declaration of independence for writers of English." But, after all, Professor Lounsbury, like other men, when he goes outside of his *Fach* is apt to lose his bearings. For instance, there is no such hard-and-fast "rule of Latin syntax" as he has described above, nor would the usage of the Roman writers justify the making of it. Professor Lounsbury evidently doesn't know that, and Professor Matthews apparently doesn't know that Professor Lounsbury doesn't know it. Hence, what he says on the subject is not only an example of *Nachbeterei*, but of a *Nachbeterei* that has slipped its trolley.

DRAMA OF THE MONTH

Should one always have the insolence as well as the courage of his convictions? The degree to which a critic ought to force his preferences on the public, rather than talk about the things in which the public is interested, is worth the attention of some debating society. This month offers an unusually distinct dilemma. There have been a few things rather shut off from the general New York point of view, but far better in every way than a number of new plays which occupy the public attention to such a degree that they would make satisfactory subjects for conversation at a dinner. Not long ago, to one who confessed not having read *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*, an intelligent and popular New York woman answered that there was no excuse for that particular ignorance, since knowledge of the current accidents of the day was necessary to keep in touch with other

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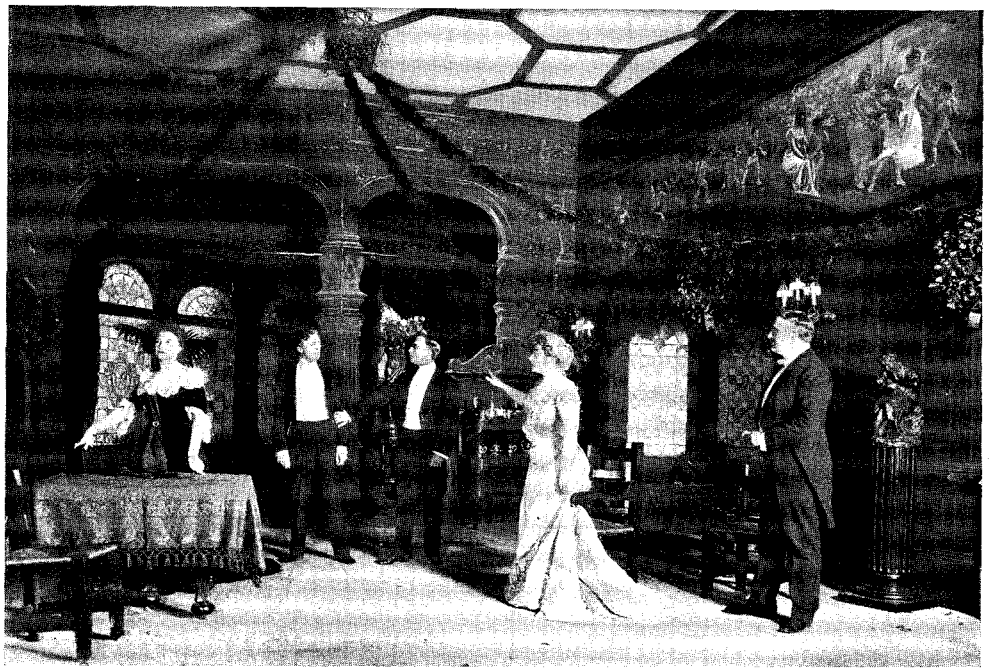

"THE CLIMBERS." ACT II.

people. Following rigidly the one of the two possible principles which I like best, I should probably not go to any one theatre in town, except the Irving Place, more than once a year. In this, as in other things, the convenient solution is compromise. Compromising, therefore, let us begin by mentioning some things in which few of our readers are interested. Certainly, no new play of the last month has been as worthy of attention as the revival of *Sodom's Ende* at the Irving Place. It had not been given there for a long time before, except one Sunday night, when, on account of the absurdity of the law, the curtain was not dropped during the whole evening, and other precautions were taken to make it a "sacred concert." Sudermann has not had a more vital theme than this, nor probably has any one of his subjects been better treated. The company of this year appeared at its best, especially finished and real work being done by Hedwig Lange, Franz Kierchner and, in the difficult leading rôle, by Adolph Zimmermann. Sudermann's latest play, by the way, *Johannisfeuer,* which has just been acted in London, has for some reason not been given by Mr. Conreid, nor has his *Johannes.* Both are admirable works of art, but *Johannisfeuer* has a more poetic charm. The feeling is so innate and unobtrusive that an idiot German, writing from Berlin to the *Staats-Zeitung,* and finding no moral in the play, thought that it must be intended to illustrate the effect of accident on human life. If the superiority of the German drama brings out much of that kind of intelligence, we may be more patient under New York criticism. Other things of value have been *Minna Von Barnhelm* at the Irving Place, in which Miss Lange and Mr. Kierchner showed the qualities which our actors ought to learn; the *School for Scandal* at the Murray Hill, which, in spite of a performance wholly lacking in the brilliancy so loudly called for by the play, put the leading things of the month to shame; and, finally, two little plays from the French, one of them a farce, probably sketched by Molière, which Mr. Franklin Sargent, who has a taste for good drama, gave in a matinée at the Empire Theatre. As these lines are written there are in the New York theatres just two things worth a sane observer's time and money, and neither is new: *Mrs. Dane's Defence,* at the Empire, and *When We Were Twenty-one,* at the Knickerbocker. Why would it not

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be better to pass over the rest in silence? However, it would take an abnormal amount of courage. Of these two, with their various merits, Henry Esmond's play is much more vital. It is more simple, human and moving, and it has the remarkable quality of being as strong in the fourth act as in any part. It is more a living work of art than anything by Jones, Pinero or Shaw.

Among those new plays which the public thinks fit to talk about, *Unleavened Bread* offers more inducement to cerebration than any of the others. Its practical success in New York was not fairly tested; as Mr. Tyler, like Miss Crosman before him, had a row with the manager of the new Savoy Theatre. It is an unmistakably bad play; but the novel itself is so penetrating, comprehensive and mature that the drama borrowed a faint dignity by reflection. It would be possible to found an admirable comedy of American life on part of the book; but Leo Ditrichstein, who mapped out the drama, crowded into it most of the incidents of the book without giving sufficient meaning or completeness to any of them. The third act, in which something of a climax is made by Flossie Williams's outburst to Selma, is rather dramatic; but it lost in the representation through the total lack of natural feeling exhibited by Miss Elizabeth Tyree, who did the less intense parts of the play rather well. A friend of mine, professionally connected with the stage, scolded me for treating *Unleavened Bread* badly, saying that a manager who would put on a drama made from a novel which meant something ought to be encouraged, at a time when such things as *Janice Meredith, Richard Carvel* and *When Knighthood Was in Flower* were rampant in the land. This makes a rather plausible position, especially when combined with the fact that

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I was also scolded for treating leniently this last-mentioned money-maker. The situation is certainly a difficult one. *When Knighthood Was in Flower* has no intrinsic value whatever, but it is the liveliest and most entertaining of the bad species with which we have lately been deluged. Julia Marlowe's acting also, while it is made up wholly of detail—too much detail—is so skilful, technically, that it would be impossible to name against it any more positive fault than restlessness. On the other hand, you have in *Unleavened Bread* a sound study ruined. It might be better constantly to point out the emptiness of such things as *Knighthood;* but when one has seen many specimens of a miserable breed he naturally goes easy on the least offensive one. So it might be well to praise Mr. George Tyler, who produces so many plays, like *In a Balcony, The Moment of Death,* and *The Children of the Ghetto,* that other managers would shy at, for his intelligence in liking *Unleavened Bread;* but the critic's main duties are to the public, whatever his sympathy with the difficulties and accomplishments of managers, actors or playwrights; and why anybody should care to see *Unleavened Bread,* when he can get so much more from reading the novel, it would not be easy to state. This doubt about the amount of praise and the intensity of blame that should be given to a production, even when one is quite sure what he thinks of it, need not afflict the observer of *Under Two Flags* at the Garden Theatre. There is the opportunity for a good, solid, eighteen-karat "roast." Blanche Bates acts well, although not as well as she has acted in better plays—another illustration of a general truth. Somebody also has made one of the most successful stage illusions ever seen, in a sand-storm in the desert; but the play itself is one of the worst machines, one of the most vulgar and stupid pieces of hack work seen here since the same author's *Conquerors.* Not that there is anything in it "to object to," as people say, as there was in *The Conquerors,* but from absolute lack of any redeeming trait. Ouida is yellow enough in all conscience, and her ideals of life could hardly be shared in front of the kitchen; but she has talent, so that the passages of direct narrative in the novel redeem

"UNLEAVENED BREAD."

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those of analysis and description. The play has not a single trace of any merit to be found in the novel or elsewhere.

Almost equally worthless, almost equally deserving of bad-mannered dismissal, is *Lovers' Lane,* by Clyde Fitch, at the Manhattan Theatre. This author has recently shown some of his best and some of his worst work. Why, on the high road to success, he should be willing to publish such a pitiful hash of old jokes and old situations as *Lovers' Lane,* is as hard to understand as it was to tell why he was willing to write the soul out of *Sappho.* American theatre-goers are naturally interested in him, because at about thirty-five years of age he has been so prolific and so successful. Four of his plays are running in New York as this is written; it has just been announced that an actor is to star in the *Cowboy and the Lady;* and the other Fitch play produced by Nat Goodwin, *Nathan Hale,* is now touring the country. Max Beerbohm, who is already the best dramatic critic in England next to William Archer, made some remarks lately about the importance of age in judging a man's work. He held that the author's actual age did not matter; it was the length of time that he had been writing, thirty years being sufficient to exhaust all that one man had to say. On this principle, or any other, Mr. Fitch has still plenty of time ahead, but what he has been doing since *Nathan Hale* does not seem to promise all that we have a right to hope from him. *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,* now running at the Garrick, is an amusing comedy, without much of the silliness which is usually to be found in the author's plays, and with a steady, mild interest of story as well as of comedy; and excellent acting is done in it by Edwin Stevens and H. Reeves Smith. But, after all, it does not amount to much, and it does not throw any lights ahead for the author's future. *The Climbers,* at the Bijou Theatre, has a more serious story, but it does not stick to its story. Perhaps half of the time is given up to things connected with the theme, and the rest to various stage tricks and ornaments, some amusing, some too trivial for even idle pastime. Greater artistic sincerity would have caused the story to dominate more. It would, in other words, have given the play more meaning and

BLANCHE BATES AS CIGARETTE IN "UNDER TWO FLAGS."

made it more a comedy of American life, in the sense in which *Unleavened Bread* is a novel of American life. The foundation of a new stock company is an event of interest, and Robert Edeson and Clara Bloodgood and, to a somewhat less degree, Frank Worthing and Minnie Dupree, do admirable work; but the future of the company artistically is not what it might be if the manager were not also an actress, and an actress of, at most, moderate ability. Mr. Fitch's third new play this year, as already mentioned, is the worst thing he has done in years, if not ever; and it would be a relief to know that it was written a long time ago—a relief in one sense, but not in another; for why should it be produced now? This treatment of a young American who is doing so much, and has done some strong work, may seem unkind; but it is, perhaps, justified by the belief that he can never write a play which shall enter a higher class than those which he has already done, unless his writing shows a wholly different attitude toward life and toward art. *Norman Hapgood.*

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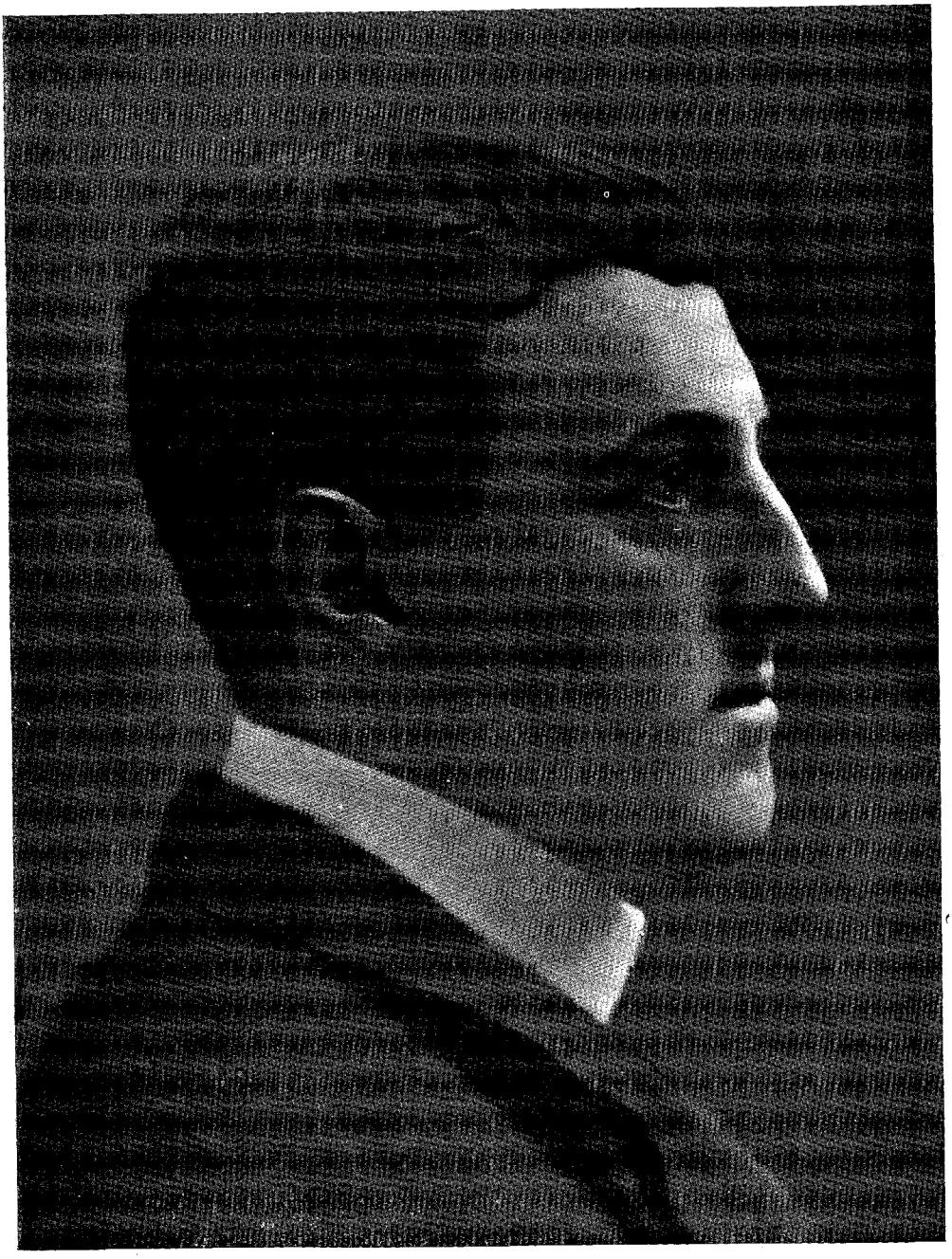
THE POETRY OF STEPHEN PHILLIPS

For those who value the permanent elements in literature the enthusiastic welcome given to Mr. Stephen Phillips's poems and dramas is a great and much needed consolation at the present time. There is still, it would appear, an audience for a literature which is not all blood and drums, the literature of humanity as opposed to the truculent journalistic literature of inhumanity so fashionable



STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

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during the last five years—a literature of beauty and imagination, of high meditation, of pity, of dignity.

> Return, Alphæus, the dread voice is past
> That shrunk thy streams . . .

Mr. Phillips's success does not, indeed, provide the only sign of the return of a more clement literary *régime*. There are one or two poets, novelists and essayists whose continued appreciation by a considerable public during the dark period I have referred to shows that there are some still left among us who care to keep burning the lamps of humanistic art. But Mr. Phillips's success is the most significant, because of all of them he has done his work on the most severe and classical lines, with least concession to the fashions of contemporary pleasing.

To write tragedies, visions and idylls in blank verse and to draw grim pictures of the modern world in the heroic couplet seemed the last way to catch the fevered ear of the moment. But, of course, time is always bringing in its revenges, and the longer a form of art has been out of fashion, the sooner is it likely to come into fashion again. Still, the resuscitation of the poetic drama with so much welcome and *éclat* was a surprise we had hardly dared to hope for, at least in England, where the drama has for long been at so low a point of vitality and taste, in spite of all the efforts of certain dramatic critics to breathe into it the breath of a finer life, and in spite of imported examples of noble and beautiful work from the Continent. However, the public that paid so little heed to Ibsen and Maeterlinck and Hauptmann have, apparently, given a warm welcome to Mr. Stephen Phillips; and for the first time in many years an original play in blank verse has taken the town. Here, indeed, is cause for rejoicing! And not only has Mr. Phillips achieved this success on the stage, but before *Herod* had been produced he had already achieved the almost equally difficult success of selling his poetic play *Paolo and Francesca* in its book form hardly less rapidly than if it were a popular novel.

All which is matter not only for Mr. Phillips's private congratulation, but for public rejoicing. Seldom has an Anglo-Saxon public done itself so much credit, so spontaneously acclaimed the good thing when they found it—or rather when they were shown it. For here, too, those much-abused people, the critics, deserve no small share in this general congratulation. With the exception of Mr. Kipling, I remember no young poet of our time who has been received with such a consensus of acceptance and encouragement by the most authoritative critics. So unanimous was this that the old cry of "log-rolling" was, of course, raised. No one need pay heed to that cry, except where bad or mediocre work is manifestly being over-praised. When the really good thing has been found, the more voices that acclaim it the better, even though, indeed, there should be a conspiracy of praise. Why not? Conspiracies of blame are not unknown.

So far as one can judge from his published poetry, Mr. Phillips's development has been as sudden as his fame, though of that, of course, mere dates of publication give no reliable guidance. The work of his which has got into print previous to his little *Christ in Hades* booklet of 1896 gives but little, if any, indication of the gift which was to burst out into sudden flame—and fame—with that particular issue of Mr. Elkin Mathews's dainty little *Shilling Garland*.

The year 1888 was a period when ballades and rondeaux were still popular, when little, sweet-smelling nosegays of verse, quaintly printed and "gotten up," were much in demand by the literary connoisseur; and among these a small volume called *Primavera*, published at Oxford in that year by four friends, won quite a distinction for itself. The names of the friends were Stephen Phillips, Laurence Binyon, Manmohan Ghose and Arthur S. Cripps. Looking through the volume to-day, there seems nothing especially remarkable about it, nothing of those thrilling preludes by which the poet, like the immortal gods,

> gives sign
> With hushing finger, how he means to load
> His tongue with the full weight of utterless thought.

The breath of the volume is rather autumnal than vernal, but that is, of course, a mark of youthful verse; and it would be difficult to give any one of the four friends pre-eminence over the others. The friends themselves, however, seem

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to have shown some indication of their view by placing Mr. Phillips in the forefront of the little volume, with a prelude which in its mood reminds one of how Keats prefaced his first poems with a sigh for "glory and loveliness" passed away forever from the earth, just at the moment when loveliness was about to reawaken so divinely to his singing. The reader will, no doubt, care to judge for himself of Mr. Phillips's youthful farewell to a Muse who was so soon, so to say, to throw herself into his arms.

No Muse will I invoke; for she is fled!
Lo! where she sits breathing, yet all but dead.
She loved the heavens of old, she thought them fair;
And dream'd of gods in Tempe's golden air.
For her the wind had voice, the sea its cry;
She deem'd heroic Greece could never die.
Breathless was she, to think what nymphs might play
In clear green depths, deep-shaded from the day;
She thought the dim and inarticulate god
Was beautiful, nor knew she man a sod;
But hoped what seem'd might not be all untrue,
And feared to look beyond the eternal blue.
But now the heavens are bared of dreams divine.
Still murmurs she, like Autumn, *This is mine!*
How should she face the ghastly, jarring Truth,
That questions all, and tramples without ruth?
And still she clings to Ida of her dreams,
And sobs, *Ah, let the world be what it seems!*
Then the shy nymph shall softly come again;
The world, once more, make music for her pain.
For, sitting in the dim and ghostly night,
She fain would stay the strong approach of light;
While later bards cleave to her, and believe
That in her sorrow she can still conceive!
Oh, let her dream; still lovely is her sigh;
Oh, rouse her not, or she shall surely die.

Though there is nothing remarkable here, lovers of Mr. Phillips's mature poetry will note two points about the poem which, though one could not realise it in 1888, were prophetic of certain characteristics since well marked in his verse. One point is the employment of the heroic couplet, then, as still, the least-used measure of the day, and its employment, too, with the curt rhyme endings, after the eighteenth-century manner, not as Marlowe used it, with run-over endings, technically called *enjambements,* or as Mr. Swinburne has similarly used it with such splendour in *Tristram of Lyonesse.* So, nearly ten years later, Mr. Phillips was still to use it, though, of course, with incomparable increase of poetic power.

The other point is the peculiar, indefinable poignancy of these two lines:

For, sitting in the dim and ghostly night,
She fain would stay the strong approach of light;

hinting already at that sense of the spectral beauty of the world which is so marked in all Mr. Phillips's subsequent poetry.

Mr. Phillips's three other contributions to *Primavera* seem each prophetic now of a subsequent fulfilment. Particularly so is the blank-verse dramatic vignette of "Orestes," with its austere movement and its hints of dramatic vision. Here is the opening passage, which is all I have space for:

Me in far lands did Justice call, cold queen
Among the dead, who after heat and haste
At length have leisure for her steadfast voice,
That gathers peace from the great deeps of hell.
She call'd me, saying: "I heard a cry by night!
Go thou, and question not; within thy halls
Thy will awaits fulfilment. Lo, the dead
Cries out before me in the under-world.
Seek not to justify thyself: in me
Be strong, and I will show thee wise in time;
For, though my face be dark, yet unto those
Who truly follow me through storm or shine,
For these the veil shall fall, and they shall see
They walked with Wisdom, though they knew her not."
So sped I home; and from the under-world
Forever came a wind that fill'd my sails,
Cold, like a spirit! and ever her still voice
Spoke over shoreless seas and fathomless deeps,
And in great calms, as from a colder world:
Nor slack'd I sail by day, nor yet when night
Fell on my running keel, and now would burn,
With all her eyes, my errand into me.

Of the two lyrics which complete Mr. Phillips's contributions to *Primavera,*

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one, "A Dream," he has retained and expanded to good purpose under the title of "The Apparition" in his *Poems*.

But this other, "To a Lost Love," I am tempted to quote entire, not because, indeed, I consider it a perfect poem, though its beauty and tenderness are apparent, but because of the contrast of its conventional lyrical method with the freer and more personal method of two or three later lyrics, which in the general admiration for Mr. Phillips's blank verse have, perhaps, been somewhat overlooked.

I cannot look upon thy grave,
Though there the rose is sweet:
Better to hear the long wave wash
These wastes about my feet!

Shall I take comfort? Dost thou live
A spirit though afar,
With a deep hush about thee, like
The stillness round a star?

Oh, thou art cold! In that high sphere
Thou art a thing apart,
Losing in saner happiness
This madness of the heart.

And yet, at times, thou still shalt feel
A passing breath, a pain;
Disturb'd, as though a door in heaven
Had oped and closed again.

And thou shalt shiver, while the hymns,
The solemn hymns, shall cease;
A moment half remember me:
Then turn away to peace.

But oh, for evermore thy look,
Thy laugh, thy charm, thy tone,
Thy sweet and wayward earthliness,
Dear trivial things, are gone!

Therefore I look not on thy grave,
Though there the rose is sweet;
But rather hear the loud wave wash
Those wastes about my feet.

I am sorry to be unable to illustrate Mr. Phillips's development from his next, and first independent, appearance as a poet. This was in 1894, when he privately printed the now rare philosophical poem "Eremus." My copy of "Eremus" is in England, and I have been unable to procure a copy in America in time for this article. However, the poem, though containing fine passages of meditation and strokes of beauty, is interesting mainly as showing Mr. Phillips's growing seriousness in his art and his strenuous study of blank verse, to which, however, he was as yet unable to give his own later very individual stamp. That stamp, however, in all its mature individuality, was unmistakably upon his next volume, published only two years later, the little *Christ in Hades* book, to which I have already made reference. Only two years, I say; because the almost miraculous metamorphosis of Keats from a doggerel writer in ladies' albums to the supreme poet of beauty is hardly more striking than the sudden leap into maturity made by Mr. Phillips in these two years. There could be no question of mere "promise" about *Christ in Hades*. In its thrilling beauty and its clairvoyant dramatic vision it impressed one immediately as an indisputable masterpiece. Mr. Phillips has done different things equally finely, but he has never surpassed this. It is too well known to-day for there to be any need to quote from it; but, recalling what I said above as to Mr. Phillips's lyrics, I should like to recall this dramatic lyric of singular insight and poignancy—a lyric which alone could leave no doubt as to Mr. Phillips being a born dramatist as well as poet:

I in the greyness rose;
I could not sleep for thinking of one dead.
Then to the chest I went,
Where lie the things of my beloved spread.

Quietly these I took;
A little glove, a sheet of music torn,
Paintings, ill-done, perhaps;
Then lifted up a dress that she had worn.

And now I came to where
Her letters are; they lie beneath the rest;
And read them in the haze;
She spoke of many things, was sore opprest.

But these things moved me not;
Not when she spoke of being parted quite,
Or being misunderstood,
Or growing weary of the world's great fight.

Not even when she wrote
Of our dead child, and the hand-writing swerved;
Not even then I shook:
Not even by such words was I unnerved.

I thought, she is at peace;
Whither the child is gone, she, too, has passed.

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And a much-needed rest
  Is fallen upon her, she is still at last.

But when at length I took
  From under all those letters one small sheet,
Folded and writ in haste;
  Why did my heart with sudden sharpness
    beat?

Alas, it was not sad!
  Her saddest words I had read calmly o'er.
Alas, it had no pain!
  Her painful words, all these I knew before.

A hurried, happy line!
  A little jest, too slight for one so dead:
This did I not endure:
  Then with a shuddering heart no more I
    read.

Only a year later (1897) Mr. Phillips, in reprinting *Christ in Hades* and the poems accompanying it in a new volume of *Poems*, published by Mr. John Lane, was able to add to them several new poems of importance, three of them, at least, showing striking new developments in his poetic gift—developments remarkably diverse. On the one hand, you had "Marpessa," perhaps the most supremely beautiful treatment of a "classical" subject since Keats, and certainly the loveliest love poem of our time; and, on the other, you had "The Woman with the Dead Soul" and "The Wife," tragic studies in modern realism, which, however, the noble pity pervading them entirely lifted above other realistic experiments of a similar kind in recent verse or prose. You have but to compare Mr. Henley's sonnets on London types with Mr. Phillips's London poems to see how this quality of humanity makes the younger man's work so much more valuable than the other's. Each alike has a great gift for vividly catching a likeness, so to say, in a line or two; but the one seems to etch in vitriol with a cruel delight in the sordidness and deformity of his subjects, and the other, though even more forcibly and more truly realistically, in tears. A greater contrast than "The Wife" and "Marpessa" could hardly be found in any younger poet's work, and the contrast augurs well for the breadth of Mr. Phillips's powers—the variety of the subject-matter he is capable of handling. Mr. Phillips almost alone among our younger poets seems to possess the capacity, to use a colloquial phrase, of "breaking out in a fresh place." Two years later, again, he was to illustrate this capacity in his beautiful tragedy of *Paolo and Francesca,* and now he has made a further advance with *Herod.* That he has many more surprises of power in store for us who that has followed his work can doubt? I should not be surprised if his development took the direction of perfecting his lyric gift, or led him once more to the contemplation of the inferno of London, which has long haunted his imagination. He himself, in an essay published a year or two ago, declared his interest in the unseen spiritual world as a theme for poetic treatment, and the strangely visionary nature of his imagination would make any experiments of his in that direction matters of peculiar expectancy.

Returning to that work of his which is at present interesting the public, some critics, I notice, while admirers of his poetry, have expressed surprise at his dramatic success. The surprise is that any one can have read his poetry without feeling that its very essence is dramatic insight. Beautiful as his lines are, they are always muscular with reality. *Christ in Hades* was packed with the dramatic imagination from end to end. Its chief beauty was that of dramatic truth. Perhaps, as I have elsewhere said, it is rather the truth than the beauty of his poetry that first arrests one; or should one say that most of the beauty of his poetry comes of its truth, which is another way of saying that it is very fine poetry indeed? At all events, I remember to have read nothing of Mr. Phillips's that was not essentially dramatic. That he should succeed in formal drama is to me, therefore, a secondary consideration; but that he has succeeded there can be no question, particularly in *Herod.* Perhaps, on the whole, the last act of *Herod* is the finest thing he has done. The first two acts seem to me to carry dramatic brevity of expression almost to baldness and dramatic construction almost to the point of a diagram in dramatic anatomy—a well-knit skeleton of a drama rather than a drama. For while it is true that in most poetic dramas the characters speak too much, it may be urged that it is possible for them to speak too little. And it must always be remembered in criticising

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poetic drama—as, indeed, any form of drama—that it is a convention—a convention that only within certain limits recognises so-called "realistic" action and speech, or even that bugbear of the young dramatist, "stage exigency."

In the third act of *Herod,* however, the dramatic skeleton is unmistakably clothed in flesh and blood, uttering wonderful human speech. It would be difficult, I think, to find an act in any English poetic play since the Elizabethans in which at once the dramatic interest is so keen and so subtly developed and the quality of the poetry so fine. The wonderful way in which the mad king's longings for his dead wife—whom he more than half believes dead and dares not quite half believe alive—is made to grow from moment to moment, while his courtiers seek to distract him into his various ambitious plans for the good of his people, such as the building of the great Temple and the port at Cæsarea, can only be illustrated by quotation.

HEROD. Pour out those pearls,
And give me in my hand that bar of gold.
I heard an angel crying from the Sun,
For glory, for more glory on the earth;
And here I'll build the wonder of the world.
I have conceived a Temple that shall stand
Up in such splendour that men bright from it
Shall pass with a light glance the pyramids.
I'll have—

Re-enter ATTENDANT.

Ah! come you from the queen? Fear not.
She is asleep?

GADIAS (*to whom* ATTENDANT *has whispered*).
She is fallen in a deep sleep.

HEROD. Ah, rouse her not.
(*To* ATTENDANT.) You did not touch her? No?
You did not speak o'er loud? She did not stir then?

ATTEND. O king! she stirred not once.

HEROD. Such sleep is good.
But there was still the moving of the breast?

ATTEND. O king—

HEROD (*hastily*). Yes—yes—I understand —I

PRIEST. Sir,
Each moment wasted from this huge emprise
The Temple—

HEROD (*to* ATTENDANT). Hither, quietly in my ear.
I say—you saw—her bosom stirred?

ATTEND. I saw—

HEROD. You saw! It is enough!
(*To Court.*) Bear with me—oh!
I dreamed last night of a dome of beaten gold
To be a counter-glory to the Sun.
There shall the eagle blindly dash himself,
There the first beam shall strike, and there the moon
Shall aim all night her argent archery;
And it shall be the tryst of sundered stars,
The haunt of dead and dreaming Solomon;
Shall send a light upon the lost in Hell,
And flashings upon faces without hope—
And I will think in gold and dream in silver,
Imagine in marble and in bronze conceive,
Till it shall dazzle pilgrim nations
And stammering tribes from undiscovered lands,
Allure the living God out of the bliss,
And all the streaming seraphim from heaven.
(HEROD *looks at door and sits.*)
That bag of emeralds, give it to me—so:
And yonder sack of rubies; I will gaze
On glittering things.
(*Sits listlessly, hands down.*)
Let one of you go forth
And rouse the queen—not roughly be it done—
But rouse her! I would have her waked from sleep.

Even this lengthy quotation but poorly illustrates the masterly dramatic modulation of the scene and the exquisite tenderness of it. Of its sumptuous language, however, it gives a juster idea. It is no flattery of Mr. Phillips to say that Marlowe might have signed it with pride. Mr. Phillips has often been called "Miltonic." It is new to find him using Marlowe's drums and trumpets of barbaric pomp so grandly. But, as I have said, this is far from being his last surprise to us.

Meanwhile, all true lovers of literature will salute him with gratitude and pride and wish him all the laurels his head can carry.

Richard Le Gallienne.

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DREAM

Dream a little—there she sits.
O'er her face a sweet smile flits,
As she reads from page to page
In some old, forgotten sage.
Smile, oh, smile! but must you be
Just for books and not for me?

Dream a little—hours fly.
One by one the days creep by.
Must I e'er in fancy soar,
Never, never, reach the shore—
Never flee from vague alarms
To the haven of her arms?

Dream a little—Heart, be still!
Stop your flutter, cease your thrill!
See you not that her way lies
In a land of fairer skies?
Heart exclaims, "Flee, reason, flee;
Love, forsooth, has vanquished thee!"

F. P. Delgado.

THE COUNTRY OF SIENKIEWICZ

By Louis E. Van Norman.

II.

"THE DELUGE"—CHENSTOHOVA (*continued*).

It was on a Sunday morning in August, at about ten o'clock, that I visited the church of Jasna Góra. Shouting, singing and praying had resounded through the streets from six o'clock.

It was Sunday; therefore, when the sun had risen well the road was swarming with wagons and people on foot going to church. From the lofty towers the bells, great and small, began to peal, filling the air with noble sounds. There was in that sight and in these metal voices a strength, a majesty immeasurable, and at the same time a calm. . . . Throngs of people stood black around the walls of the church. Under the hill were hundreds of wagons, carriages and equipages; the talk of men was blended with the neighing of horses tied to posts. Farther on, at the right, along the chief road leading to the mountain, were to be seen whole rows of stands, at which were sold metal offerings, wax candles, pictures and scafulas. A river of people flowed everywhere freely.

I made my way to the main gate through a long avenue of beggars, sightless, earless, noseless, limbless, in the most revolting states of bodily and mental deformity. Women with no arms or legs begged for kopecks. An idiot leered at me and muttered an inarticulate demand. A grizzled old man with no legs, squatted in almost the middle of the road, fingering one of the old lyra, and droning out in the most lachrymose fashion some ancient, moth-eaten strain, was very importunate. He seized me by the coat and whined: "Please, please, kind sir, an alms in the name of the Mother of God of Chenstohova, Queen of Heaven."

On the church wall, facing the entrance, is a large picture of the famous Matka Boska Chenstohovy, the Virgin of Chenstohova. This is the most famous and most revered of the images of the Virgin among the Poles. One sees it everywhere, in Galicia and in the kingdom, as Russian Poland is called. It is the figure of a mild-faced woman and child, Polish type, generally brown in colour, and surrounded by rays, stars and spangles of gold. It is believed to have

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special miraculous power. The original image, which is in the chapel of the old church, was disfigured by the Tartars, who cut great gashes by shooting arrows across the cheek of the Virgin. Several attempts were made to paint out these gashes, but they always reappeared again —says the tradition—and so a miracle was pronounced and the scars left untouched. They can be seen to-day. The picture, is set up at frequent intervals on the church walls, and wherever there is a picture there you are sure to find a group of kneeling worshippers. This mild, brown-faced woman, who has heard the fervent, frantic prayers of generations—nay, centuries—and has never changed expression, seems to look down sadly, one might almost say pityingly, on it all.

Before this picture in the courtyard every one kneels and murmurs a prayer. The stones in this courtyard are in places literally worn into basins by the genuflections of the faithful. This is the first station; and here the strange, wonderful, picturesque panorama of Middle-Age devotion begins. At the entrance to the church itself sits a priest gathering money. He asks, begs, pleads, expostulates, argues, commands, threatens, suggests, hints, intimates, demands, suiting his method of address to the worldly station and character of the pilgrim. It is a true democracy of religion here. The kid-gloved aristocrat (a few of these come to Chenstohova) walks by the side of the brown, dirty, barefooted peasant.

The new church is a great building of grey stone, with a black iron tower, that can be seen for miles around. This tower was destroyed by fire two or three days after my visit to the church, but is being rapidly rebuilt and restored to its former grandeur. The new church is built over and around the old edifice, which is in a fair state of preservation. Most of the buildings have been restored, the finishing touches having been put on in 1845. The ponderous bronze doors were hung fourteen years later.

Through a massive stone portal one enters a spacious vestibule with a groined roof, adorned with paintings. On the side panels of the entrance are painted portraits of Stephen and Wladislaus, kings of Hungary, although why these are given the place of honour it is difficult to say. To the right, on a black marble cross, is a half life-size brass figure of the Christ. Dust and cobwebs cling to the cross and to the head and shoulders of the image, but the brass toe sparkles and glitters like the sun. Osculation for generations has proved an admirable polish. Every one, old and young, pauses to kiss the foot of the Saviour's image. The first altar is but a few steps farther on—a figure of the Virgin and child in silver, surrounded by many candles and flowers.

A sharp turn to the right, carefully picking one's way through the prostrate worshippers, who keep coming till there is literally not a free square foot on the floor of the room and entering corridor, and the great nave comes into view. It is a cathedral in size, with splendid groined roof, frescoed with paintings. As one enters the church itself and gets beyond the current of fresh air from the outside, the atmosphere of the interior becomes stifling. An effluvium such as can only come from three to four thousand human beings, to most of whom a bath has been unknown all their lives, closely packed together on an August day, can, as the novelists say, be better imagined than described. One can almost see it hovering over the congregation in waves, as heat rises and shimmers over a chimney.

As one grows more accustomed to this atmosphere one notices a sea of kneeling and prostrate forms in various stages of religious hysteria, depression and that peculiar exaltation so common among Slavonic peasants. A wail or groan from an old woman who lies "in the form of a cross" (as did Kmita, Volodiyovski, King Jan Kasimir), beating her aged head with its white locks against the stone floor, comes from one side. From the other arises a triumphant cry as an equally aged, venerable man rocks himself to and fro in an ecstasy, his prayer-book gripped convulsively, his eyes rolling in almost a frenzy.

There is an order of procession—a series of stations—and every one follows this order as he enters, so that there is a continuous stream of worshippers passing through the different halls and chapels. Mothers with little brown, naked children stretch them out pleadingly to the image on some favourite

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altar. Old men kneel and lean their feeble heads on sticks, while they tell their beads mumblingly with toothless gums.

One has to be careful in moving among the recumbent forms. One may tread on some worshipper who has humbled himself so as to touch with his tongue the stone pavement, dusty and soiled with the passage of five or six thousand feet. I all but stepped on the form of a young peasant girl. By the dim light that filters through the stained-glass windows I saw a girl's form slightly more slender than the usual peasant build, clad in the most vivid of colouring—blue bodice, red skirt, flaming yellow and green head kerchief, dotted with red roses. She was lying prone on her face in the form of a cross. Her breast was heaving, and sobs shook her entire frame. Again and again the quivering lips touched the dusty, dirty stones of the floor, and slowly as the prayers were recited one by one, a little pool of saliva and tears collected on the marble. She was calling frantically on the Virgin of Chenstohova for a boon.

Through all the susurration of prayer and groan the great organ pealed out its thunderous, vibrant tones, and a fine choir chanted the service. The music was Eastern, with a strange blend of harp, blare and bell effect. Away up in front, beneath the great altar, with its crowns, golden rays and mass of ornamentation, a gorgeously attired priest was saying Mass. But no one—or not one in fifty of the congregation—heard him. When he reached the point for response those near him began the chant, and then it vibrated and shuddered in mighty crescendo and diminuendo through the entire company.

It was too much to grasp at once—too much strain on the body and nerves. So, literally fighting my way out into the fresh air, I sat down on one of the old grass-grown mounds within hearing of the triumphant organ peals, and looked off to where the Swedes came up and drew their cordon of bullet and fire about the devoted church. To the right the bronze figure of the priest Kordetski lifts a hand in benison. In front is a statue of John the Baptist. To the left is the entrance to the old church, the chapel of the famous Virgin of Chenstohova. It is a comparatively small room, but on that day it was crowded so that it was almost literally impossible for the worshippers to prostrate themselves. They could barely find space to stand upright. There was less light there than in the main chapel, and the congregation was quieter, apparently awed by the proximity of the revered altar. Here and there a confession box looms up above the mass of heads. A peasant was whispering his confession, then he seized the priest's hand, kissed it passionately, crossed himself and made his way by slow stages, with infinite toil and patience, through the densely packed mass up to the altar, which is railed off from the main room by heavy iron bars extending from floor to ceiling.

In the chapel there was a ruddy gloom not entirely dispersed by the rays of candles burning on the altar. Coloured rays fell also through the window-panes; and all these gleams, red, violet, golden, fiery, quivered on the walls, slipped along the carvings and windings, made their way into dark depths, bringing forth to sight indistinct forms buried, as it were, in a dream. Mysterious glimmers ran along and united with darkness, so indistinguishable that all difference between light and darkness was lost. The candles on the altar had golden halos; the smoke from the censers formed purple mist; the white robes of monks serving Mass played with the darkened colours of the rainbow. All things there were half visible, half veiled, unearthly; the gleams were unearthly, the darkness unearthly, mysterious, majestic, blessed, filled with prayer, adoration and holiness.

From the main nave of the church came the deep sound of human voices, like the mighty sound of the sea; but in the chapel deep silence reigned, broken by the voice of the priest chanting Mass. . . . You could see hands stretched toward heaven, eyes turned upward, faces pale from emotion or glowing with prayer. Differences of rank disappeared; the coat of the peasant touched the robe of the noble, the jacket of the soldier the yellow coat of the artisan.

At the farther end, only dimly seen in the soft, mellow radiance of hanging silver lamps, is the famous image itself. The features are scarcely distinguishable, but the surroundings are so decked, covered, loaded with gold and silver that it

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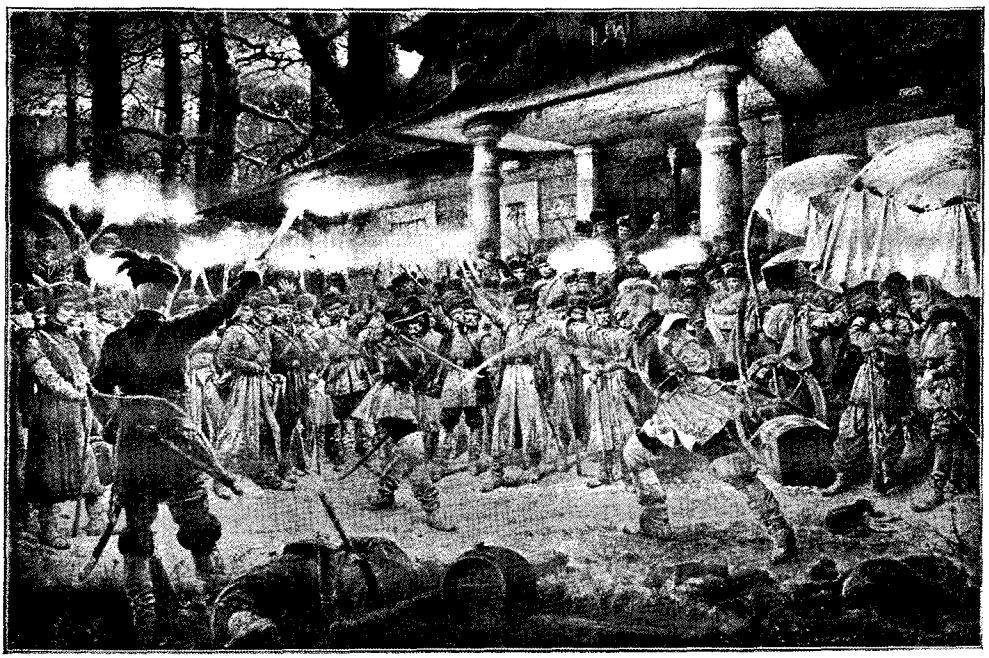

"KMITA WAS GROWING HEATED; VOLODIYOVSKI WAS COOL AS A MASTER TESTING HIS PUPIL."—"THE DELUGE."

THE DUEL BETWEEN KMITA AND VOLODIYOVSKI.—FROM THE PAINTING BY CZ. JANKOWSKI.

"'I WILL CONDUCT YOU,' SAID PAN ANDREI."—"THE DELUGE."

THE FEAST OF RADZIVILL AT KYEDONI.—FROM THE PAINTING BY STANISLAW BATOWSKI.

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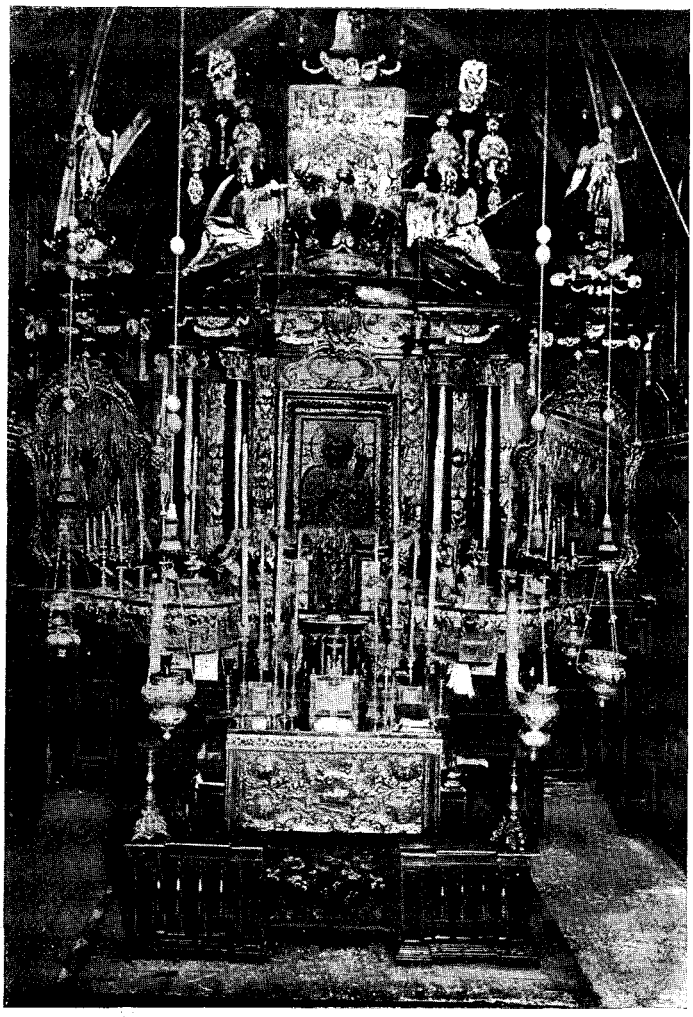
tires the eye to look at them, even in the twilight of the altar. The image scintillates and corruscates, diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, garnets, amethysts, topazes, pearls blinking like eyes as the light from the swinging lamps spreads in glistening, glistering waves over the picture. On the walls gold and silver ornaments, casts of sacred relics, mirrors, rosaries of coral and pearl flash and glitter and gleam. A massive golden crown above the picture stands out prominently, with golden figures, hearts, swords, pens flanking it.

Jasna Góra is the Mecca of the Poles, and it is difficult for a foreigner to appreciate how much this means to them until he understands how closely welded and, indeed, identified are patriotism and religion in Poland. In the words of a refined, intelligent Polish gentleman of my acquaintance, "A visit to Jasna Góra means more, much more to a patriotic Polish Catholic than would a pilgrimage to St. Peter's at Rome or to our Saviour's tomb at Jerusalem."



"THE CANDLES ON THE ALTAR HAD GOLDEN HALOS."—"THE DELUGE."
THE FAMOUS ALTAR IN THE CHAPEL OF THE VIRGIN AT JASNA GÓRA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

III.

"Pan Michael"—The Fall of Kamenetz.

The story of *With Fire and Sword* opens on the steppes with that vivid bit of description, the meeting of Skshetuski and Hmelnitski. The scene then moves westward, and movement culminates at Zbaraj. *Pan Michael* is almost exclusively a story of the steppes. Its theatre of action is the Ukraine and Podolia, those immense plains of southern and western Russia which at the time of which the novel treats were a portion of the Polish Commonwealth, extending southward even to the Crimea.

At the time with which *Pan Michael* deals these plains were the theatre of stirring events. Through the machinations of Louis XIV. of France, the Turks invaded Poland, and Sobieski was sent to guard the frontier. He defeated the invaders at all points in such short order that the rest of Europe called his exploit "the miraculous campaign." The little knight Volodiyovski fought valiantly at his side in this campaign. But another Turkish army—three hundred thousand splendid troops under the terrible leader

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Mohammed IV.—was advancing. Sobieski had but six thousand men, and could obtain no reinforcements. Realising, however, the importance of delaying Mohammed's progress, he decided to make a stand at Kamenetz, the chief town of the Podolia. Accordingly, he ordered the little knight, Michael Volodiyovski, to march from his outpost position in the Ukraine and defend Kamenetz. The Hetman knew that he was sending the valiant Pan Michael, "the first soldier of the commonwealth," to certain death, but he felt that the sacrifice was necessary, and yet Kamenetz fell, despite prodigies of valour by the Poles.

I was strongly urged not to attempt to visit Kamenetz. "There is no railroad connection, and you may find difficulty in crossing the frontier, this being a point seldom visited by travellers." But I persisted, leaving Krakau one evening at ten o'clock by what the Austrians call a *schnellzug* (fast train), although it makes only twenty miles an hour. Early next morning I reached Lemberg, or Lwów, as the Poles call it. Lemberg is a busy, progressive city of fifty thousand inhabitants, the chief city and capital of Galicia. It still shows traces of its siege by the Turks. In the old Jesuit church are preserved cannon-balls thrown from Turkish guns, as well as several from the later Swedish bombardments. From Lemberg it is but three hours to Tarnopol, the next point of historic interest. Between these two cities, at Podhorcé, is a splendid museum, containing many rare and beautiful relics, particularly of Sobieski. Tarnopol, now a thriving town of thirty thousand people, is very old. It has been in the hands of the Tartars and Cossacks many times. The old Ruthenian church, one of its best-preserved ancient monuments, was three times taken by the Moslems. On its domes the crescents may still be seen, but surmounted by crosses. Tartar influence is visible even in the faces of the peasants, the flat Kalmuck visage being not at all infrequent.

Curiously enough, in tramping the streets that hot July day my attention was attracted by a wheezy, somewhat dismal sound, which, I soon saw, came from the centre of a small group of peasants. Closer inspection showed that it was not

"AS THE RIVER OF PEOPLE FLOWED NEARER TO THE CHURCH DOOR, EXCITEMENT GREW GREATER AND WAS TURNED INTO ECSTASY."—"THE DELUGE."
A PEASANT PILGRIMAGE ENTERING THE CHURCH OF JASNA GÓRA.
—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

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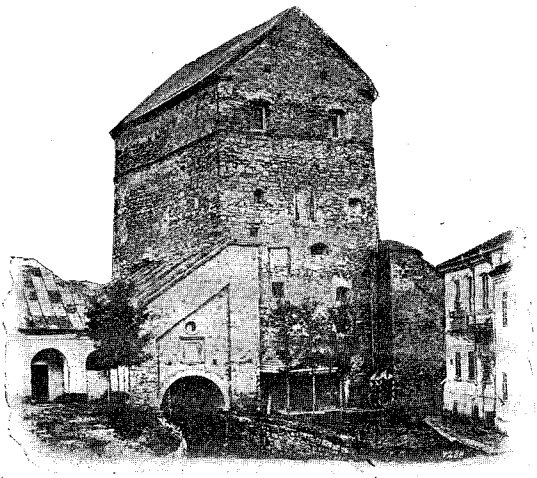


"THE TURKS HAD DETERMINED TO BLOW THAT ROCKY NEST INTO THE AIR."—"PAN MICHAEL."

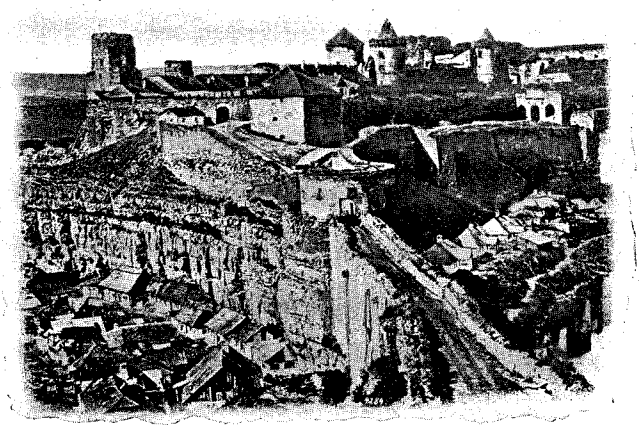
THE OLD BASTION IN KAMENETZ. IT WAS BUILT BY STEFAN BATORY IN 1585, AND IS NOW USED AS A RUSSIAN BARRACKS. THE TURKS ENTERED THIS WAY. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

an animal in distress (as I had at first supposed), but a blind beggar, performing on a lyra, the very instrument with which Zagloba entertained Helena during their flight from Bohun. This lyra is a curious mixture of strings and rods, turned at one end with a crank. It is very far from being musical. While at Tarnopol, however, I heard some of the real, native Slavonic music, rendered under very characteristic circumstances. One evening a young Ruthenian priest (of the Russian ritual), known to the family at whose home I was staying, drove up to the door in his peasant vehicle, bringing with him his zither. He played well and sang delightfully with that rich, round, full voice of beautiful, sympathetic quality so often found among the Russians. Many of the melodies were richly beautiful, at times almost fiercely gay, then undershot with that inevitable, sad, minor tone that affects one like a blend of the Oriental and the Highland Scotch. Weirdly beautiful, hauntingly beautiful, yet inexpressibly sad, are these Slavonic folk-songs, permeate dwith the breath of the plains. Underneath the dare-devil mirth of the Mazur always lurks what the Poles call the *zâl*. There is no English equivalent for this word. It is the very emotional soul of the Slav race, and it means mingled reproach and sorrow, the volcanic resignation that comes only after ages of suffering and wrong.

The next point of interest after Tarnopol is Trembówla. This little town has a very old castle, which, so report has it, was defended against the Turks by a woman when all others had fled. Then Sobieski came and rescued the heroine.

From Trembówla to Husiatyn, at the terminus of the railroad and on the frontier between Austria and Russia, our progress was provokingly slow. It was all up grade, and the engine burned only wood. We reached Austrian Husiatyn at half-past eleven. From that hour until half-past two I was crossing the frontier, showing my passport seven times, warding off unsavoury would-be Jew interpreters (Russian and Polish only being spoken here) and generally looking after my luggage.

It was a blazing hot day. On the bridge over the little stream, the middle of which is the dividing line between the domains of Kaiser and Tsar, stood a long line of vehicles—lumber teams, market wagons, fiacres. The drivers, mostly



"THEY HEARD IN THE SILENCE THE SOUND OF HAMMERS BEATING THE CLIFF."—"PAN MICHAEL." THE BATTLEMENTS OF KAMENETZ.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

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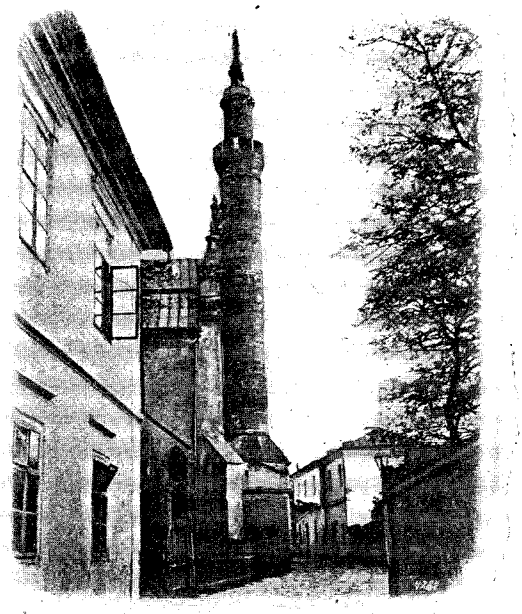
dirty Jews in long cloaks, smoked, swore and sighed, while the imperturbable Russian officials in white uniforms and the inevitable Russian cap examined the passports. After another half hour's delay at the custom-house, during which the inspector calmly opened and spoiled a box of exposed but undeveloped photographic negatives, I was permitted to go on my way. Seated in a very dirty, very rickety wagon, driven by a very unsavoury, unkempt Hebrew, I started —at three o'clock in the afternoon— for Kamenetz, twenty-seven English miles distant.

I shall never forget that ride of eight hours. Once across the line and into the great plain region, everything —nature and mankind—seemed quite different from anything I had ever seen before. As far as the eye could reach—and far beyond—the vast prairies stretched, undulating now and again in gentle waves, but immense, treeless, depressing. A feeling of sadness involuntarily creeps over one when he travels across these plains, especially for the first time. There is a vast, mysterious, half-hidden sense of power about the landscape that impresses one with a sort of elemental fear of nature. This influence has soaked into and through the Slavonic nature and made the Slav a poet, a religious devotee, a musician.



"SOON THE ARMENIAN CATHEDRAL WAS BURNING."—"PAN MICHAEL."

THE TOWER OF THE OLD ARMENIAN CHURCH IN KAMENETZ, RESTORED IN 1781.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

"'GO TO MY WIFE IN THE CONVENT AND TELL HER FROM ME: "THIS LIFE IS NOTHING."'"—"PAN MICHAEL."

THE CONVENT WHERE BASIA STAYED DURING THE SIEGE OF KAMENETZ.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

We drove over tremendously wide roads—three hundred feet wide in places. Great herds of beasts—cows, sheep, pigs, goats, chickens, geese and ducks, all in one company—passed slowly by, driven sometimes by a boy with a long whip or by a stout, bare-legged peasant woman astride of a lithe little Cossack pony.

The fields are cultivated to the highest possible extent—vegetables and grains of all kinds, not merely by the acre, but by the hundred, by the thousand acres. The soil is wonderfully rich and productive. It is claimed by Russian statisticians that so rich is this land that were there only one successful year in ten (supposing nine years' crop to have failed totally), the yield of that one year would return a profit on the entire period. And yet, except in a very few cases, the peasants do not profit by this. These sad-eyed, hard-working folk, their Eastern

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"KORDETSKI THREW HIMSELF ON HIS KNEES AND CRIED TO HEAVEN!" —"THE DELUGE."

KORDETSKI ON THE WALLS OF JASNA GÓRA PRAYING FOR DELIVERANCE FROM THE SWEDES. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JAN MATEJKO, NOW IN A PRIVATE COLLECTION IN KRAKAU, AND NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED. REPRODUCED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION.

blood showing in the slightly slanted eyes and the turban headdress, are only labourers. They own bits of land here and there, it is true, but by no means so generally as in Galicia. Their villages also, a number of which we passed through on the way, are very squalid, in striking contrast to the huts of the Galician peasants. Poverty, bitter poverty shows everywhere in these villages, especially in those inhabited by the Jews. The huts are generally of mud and thatched with straw, and are destitute of the least semblance of comfort. The venerable Israelite who drove me declared that he received but one rouble and a half (about seventy cents) a week, and had a wife and five children to support.

Twilight came on as we still crawled over the face of the landscape like a tiny boat on the great ocean. Many things contributed to strengthen this impression of a voyage. Now we would pass a wagon-load of tired peasants returning from their labours, now four or five soldiers coming back from some manœuvre, their white uniforms fairly glistening in the fading light. Now, by the roadside, we would discern the gaping

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ribs of a skeleton—a cow or a horse—with the ghoulish crows sidling in and out of its nude anatomy, stranded there like a marine derelict. On the horizon a speck would appear. Over the gentle rise it would come, a four-horse wagon, driven Russian fashion, the four abreast, the little bells tinkling musically from the high arched collar. Its occupant, likely an imposing government official, would lean forward and bow gravely. We would salute like ships speaking each other at sea—two passing specks on the ocean plain. Then, like ships that pass in the night, a silence and that sweeping apart sensation as when two swift vessels pass. The red sun dipped below the horizon, and a greyness settled over the landscape. From its depths centuries gone seemed to speak. The shades of Hmelnitski and his Cossacks and of Tugai Bey and his Tartars, all those wild spirits of bygone ages, seemed to gather again in the gloaming and again sweep over the plain. The stars came out and fairly burned in the sky like the points of brilliantly burnished lances levelled at the earth.

"'GOLDEN LADY! QUEEN OF THE ANGELS! SAVE US, ASSIST US, CONSOLE US, PITY US!'"—"THE DELUGE."

THE FAMOUS IMAGE OF THE VIRGIN AT JASNA GÓRA, SHOWING ARROW MARKS ON CHEEK MADE BY TARTARS.—FROM ONE OF THE SACRED PICTURES OF THE PEASANTS, SOLD JUST OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF THE CHURCH.

Eleven o'clock brought us to the city, a strangely, weirdly beautiful sight by night. Through a massive stone gate five centuries old we lumbered up a steep hill, then down an incline and over a bridge to the new city. Below us flowed the Smotrycz, a little stream that empties into the Dniester and divides the city into two parts. From far beneath, at the river's bank, to the heights above, the town arose, tier upon tier, its lights gleaming fitfully, the walls like a black belt at the base.

After some difficulty, owing to the fact that I spoke no Russian, and no one in Kamenetz seemed to speak anything else, I secured a room at a fairly comfortable hotel. Then, having satisfactorily passed the examination usually imposed upon guests at hotels in Eastern Europe, as to my purpose in coming to Kamenetz, how long I intended to stay, the personal habits of all my ancestors and the rest of the questions, being very much fatigued, I was about to retire when the beautiful moon tempted me to the window.

The view was almost like a scene out of the *Arabian Nights*. It was the moon of the Orient—large, full, of mellow light. A fine white building on the opposite height (I afterward found it to be a seminary for Greek, or orthodox, priests) loomed up as a mass of silver. In the street below, lit by the fitful glare of petroleum lamps, a motley, picturesque throng passed and repassed, slowly, languidly, revelling in the slight coolness which the night brought. Kamenetz is only about fifty miles from the Rumanian border and less than two hundred miles from the Black Sea. It comes rightfully, therefore, by its Oriental characteristics.

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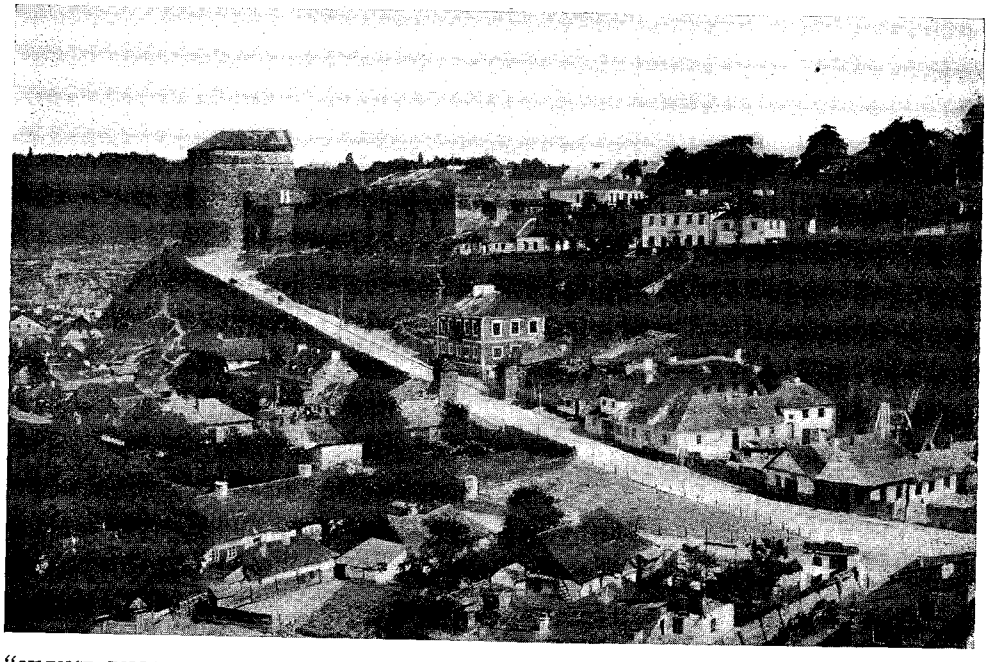
"THE MEETING TOOK PLACE UNDER THE OPEN SKY, UNDER THE GATES OF THE CASTLE."—"PAN MICHAEL."
GENERAL VIEW OF THE "LOWER TOWN" OF KAMENETZ. THE RIVER WHICH CUTS THE TOWN IN TWO IS THE SMOTRYCZ.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



"SILENCE FOLLOWED, UNBROKEN BY A SHOT FROM THE TRENCHES OF THE TOWN."—"PAN MICHAEL."
GENERAL VIEW OF THE OLD FORT IN KAMENETZ. THE OLD TOWER WAS BUILT IN 1585 BY KING STEFAN BATORY. THE TURKS ENTERED BY THIS TOWER AFTER PAN MICHAEL HAD BLOWN UP THE BATTLEMENTS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

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Long-cloaked, long-bearded Jews; barefooted, bare-headed girls with Egyptian faces, filleted hair and great pendant earrings of brass; Ruthenian peasants; gigantic Kirghiz with Astrachan caps; beautiful Jewesses of the demi-monde, in costumes *à la mode de Paris;* Russian soldiers in the white tunic, black trousers, high boots and the cap that is known from Warsaw to Vladivostock; Cossacks on horseback; gorgeously uniformed, pompous generals in white with red and gold facings to their resplendent attire, in barouches, fiacres, landaus or the ubiquitous droschky, driven by barbarous, Mongolian-looking *cochers;* long-gowned, long-haired Schismat priests; gypsies, Turks and many other perfectly nondescript types, gathered from the four corners of the globe, slowly defiled before me. It was a sight that stamps itself photographically on the memory for all time.

The next morning I made a tour of the town. With the aid of an Israelite who spoke some German (though very badly) I succeeded in identifying the chief points of historic and present-day interest. The old castle which—so report has it—Pan Michael partially blew up still stands, now doing duty as a Russian barracks. It was built in 1585 by the great Polish King Stefan Batory. Here it was that the Turks, triumphing over all the gallantry of Kettling and his artillery, entered Kamenetz. Bits of the old fortifications, particularly towers and wall with embrasures for cannon, may be seen scattered about, thickest on the river front. The convent in which Basia was confined during the siege still stands on the old square. It has been somewhat restored, although much dilapidated at the present time. The cathedral of the Armenians, which, Sienkiewicz tells us, was on fire during the siege, I found in a fair state of preservation.

The Kamenetz Jew, who is a large element in the population of the town to-day, is omnipresent. Watch him on the street as he smokes his thin, little cigarette while his half-naked wife and children sprawl in the roadway. It may be said that, in general, abject, grinding poverty is his lot. He sits before his little booth, selling his onions, stale eggs, potatoes, small bread, peas, parsley, hard little pears and other fruits unknown to the Anglo-Saxon palate. His countenance bears the stamp of listless despair. What is there to live for? Like the worldly Jew in Kingsley's *Hypatia,* he has carefully weighed life in the balance of *pro* and *con,* and is facing the terrible conviction that it is not worth the living. Yet he dare not end it. Despite all his woes, he remains uncompromisingly orthodox. By imperial ukase he is forbidden to wear the corkscrew side curls that are the darling of his brother in the Kazimierz of Krakau. But he retains his long cloak and his long beard, and his children learn to recite the prayers according to the ritual, rocking to and fro as they drone out the words with seemingly endless repetition.

Kamenetz-Podolsk (so named to distinguish it from the other Kamenetz, which is in Grodno, Lithuania) has a population of thirty-six thousand, and is a "government" town—that is, it is the centre of the Russian "government," or province of Podolia. Modern material progress is very backward in Kamenetz. The rapid but uneven (if I may use the term) development of the empire makes possible the anomaly of a city of thirty-six thousand inhabitants with no railroad nearer than twenty-seven miles, and that in another country. The first railroad station in Russia is a very small one, thirty-five miles distant, on the line between Odessa and Kieff. Kamenetz has no street-cars, no electric lights and all the transportation is by wagon, a costly method, resulting in extremely high hotel rates. The modern city covers a very large territory, and the new part of the town shows some signs of progress. There has recently been completed a large handsome theatre. There is also a fine park with a boulevard running through it, and here every Sunday military music is rendered. Along the river front there is a pleasant, popular, sylvan promenade. Bathing in the river is also very popular. At six nearly all the town —soldiers and citizens—towel in hand, troop down to the stream for their evening dip.

Kamenetz, being a government town, is full of soldiers. At all hours of the day and night all sorts of representatives of the motley army of the Tsar may be seen on the streets, from the common soldier who tramps on foot to the resplendent

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general who rides in his elegant barouche. It was my fortune to see three thousand Cossacks of the Don on horseback. With their long robes, small swords slung across the breast, their round fur caps and burned visages, these superb riders made a very picturesque spectacle.

The wall that Pan Michael and his knights defended against the Turks can still be seen, although almost entirely dismantled. I approached the entrance to the tower, now a barracks. I entered, no one objecting, much to my surprise. So I crossed the courtyard and peered out of a cannon embrasure out upon the river flowing far below. It was at this point that the Turkish envoys, having seen the white flags which had been raised over the Ruska gate (the bulk of this gate remains to-day) by the faint-hearted among the besieged, stood and demanded the surrender of the garrison.

"And what of Kamenetz?" asked the little knight.

"It shall go to the sultan for ages and ages."

Volodiyovski's reply was to blow up the tower.

"Nic to," "it is nothing." This was the message he sent to poor Basia, praying in the old convent in the square. *"Nic to."* This had been the concerted signal to her of his death. She was to say to herself, *"Nic to,"* "this life is nothing."

"Thus died Volodiyovski, the Hector of Kamenetz, the first soldier of the commonwealth." The Turks brought the body to Sobieski, and it was buried in the church at Stanislaw.

DAUDET, AND THE MAKING OF THE NOVEL*

I.

The edition of the works of Alphonse Daudet which is noted below is not only excellent and adequate in many respects, but it has also the virtue of a certain timeliness. Daudet was one of the few writers who have in their lifetimes been justly appraised. People may cease reading him for a time, only to take him up every now and then with renewed ardour; the writers of the latter half of the twentieth century may find in his books hitherto undiscovered perfections and

*Memoirs of Alphonse Daudet. Boston: Little, Brown and Co. $1.50.

Fromont and Risler. Translated by George Burnham Ives. With introduction by Charles de Kay. Boston: Little, Brown and Co. $1.50.

The Nabob. Translated by George Burnham Ives. With introduction by Brander Matthews. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown and Co. $1.50.

Sappho. Translated by George Burnham Ives. With introduction by James L. Ford. Boston: Little, Brown and Co. $1.50.

Kings in Exile. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. With introduction by Prof. W. P. Trent. Boston: Little, Brown and Co. $1.50.

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undiscovered flaws, or grope through archives and bundles of letters in the search for now unsuspected originals of his characters; but it is very unlikely that posterity will ever in any large way overthrow the verdict of his contemporaries. Hence it is that now, little more than three years after his death, we are beginning when we re-read him to wish to have settled once for all the question of the place that he held in the literature of the nineteenth century. Undoubtedly, this place was a very high one. He was not a giant. He did not belong to the race of Balzac, of Rabelais, of Molière, to confine one's self to the men of his own country; his name will not ring down the centuries, but it will be remembered and his books will be read, for he was a novelist of great brilliance, and a thinker with an amazing knowledge of the workings of the human heart. His range was extraordinarily wide. Almost every side of Parisian activity, almost every phase of the life of provincial France, at some time caused his ink to flow. We think of him instinctively as the novelist of fashionable Paris during the last days of the Second Empire and the years of the Third Republic. His name is linked and contrasted with that of Zola in somewhat the same manner as people fifty years ago used to link and contrast the names of Thackeray and Dickens. Yet Daudet was never limited by social boundaries; he was in no sense a club-window observer and philosopher.

He was probably, in a minor way, a combination of Thackeray and of Dickens, bringing to his work much of the sense, the satire, the instinctive good taste of the first and a good deal of the sentiment, the lyric power of the second. Imagine novels which between the same covers give the French equivalents for the Marquis of Steyne and Sairey Gamp, Park Lane and Bleeding Heart Yard, the great ball at Gaunt House and a reception at the Marshalsea Prison, and you feel something of the range of Daudet. His knowledge of Paris was in no sense artificial. When he wrote of the Rue Mouffetard it was because he had lived there, and not by virtue of having spent two days in rambling up and down the street taking an inventory of its doors and windows, analysing its smells and ticketing the fissures in the walls that lined it.

II.

In brief sketches here and there in the volumes *Thirty Years in Paris* and *Memories of a Man of Letters* Daudet gave us a history of his books which is not only invaluable to all who read him with genuine interest, but which, as showing the manner and method of work of a real story-teller, is worth more to the appreciative and discriminating literary aspirant than a hundred essays "On the Art of Writing a Great Novel" and a thousand recipes for style, construction and dramatic effect. These sketches, taking up the story of each of his books from the time when studying some great structure, symbolic of a certain phase of Parisian life, the germ idea flashed through his mind, show all the labour, the care, the infinite patience by which the finished novel was evolved. The initial idea, the seed thought, which came suddenly, unexpectedly, was in itself very little; a sort of arrow, pointing the ultimate, far-distant goal.

For instance, the first suggestion of *Les Rois en Exil* came to Daudet one evening in October as he was standing on the Place du Carrousel looking at the tragic rent in the Parisian sky, caused by the fall of the Tuileries. Dethroned princes exiling themselves from Paris after their downfall, taking up their quarters on the Rue de Rivoli, and when they woke in the morning and raised the shades at their windows, discovering these ruins—such was the first vision of *Kings in Exile*. This was at once the inspiration of the first and last chapters of the book. It was very typical of Daudet; almost all of his works were built up about some such vague impression. There is no pleasanter or more profitable occupation for the reader or the playgoer than that of taking up some book or drama and endeavouring to pick out of the whole structure the foundation stone—to trace back the complete work to the original idea or seed thought. Sometimes this will be found in a particular situation; again, in some striking social type. More often the book or the play has been constructed about some problem or some vague phase of human

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life. Daudet generally worked from the inanimate to the animate, but not always. *Kings in Exile* was born of the impression derived from the rent in the sky, caused by the fall of the Tuileries. Looming up in every page of *The Immortal* is the great dome of the Institute. The first idea of *Fromont and Risler* came into his mind while studying the stage-setting of a theatre during a general rehearsal of one of his own plays. But it was with kings, and not palaces, that *Kings in Exile* had to do. The painted streams and forests of the theatre stirred him to think of the less romantic but deeper dramas that are always being played unconsciously in every-day life. Of *The Immortal,* the Institute itself was only the symbol. The book was built on the meditated scorn of years.

III.

Daudet was indefatigable in filling note-books. It was his system of work. All through his literary life he was jotting down observations and thoughts, sometimes condensed to one finely written line, by which he was able afterward to recall a gesture, a word or a tone, and to develop and magnify it for use in some important work. He was forever blackening sheets. In Paris, in the country, travelling, these little note-books were always with him. He was constantly looking out for striking proper names, believing with Balzac that there was in names a characteristic physiognomy, a certain likeness of the people who bear them. And of his characters one may say, as one says of Balzac, that the substitution of other names would make them seem incongruous.

All the characters of *Fromont and Risler* had living originals. Planus the cashier was really named Scherer. "I knew him," said Daudet, "in a banking house on the Rue de Londres, where he would stand in front of his well-filled safe, shaking his head and murmuring in his German accent with tragi-comic distress: 'Ja, ja, money, much money; put I haf no gonfidence.'" There was also an original of Sidonie and her parents' home. The true Sidonie, however, was not so black as the heroine of the book. Risler was a memory of Daudet's childhood, an Alsatian factory's draughtsman, who worked for the author's father. Daudet transformed him from an Alsatian to a Swiss, in order not to introduce into the book sentimental patriotism. The immortal Delobelle was the summing up of all that Daudet knew about actors, their manias, the difficulty they find in recovering their footing in life when they go off the stage, in maintaining an individuality in so many varying masks. Once, at the time of the Franco-Prussian War, the novelist attended the funeral of a great actor's daughter. There he found all the details that he introduced later at the death of little Desirée—"the typical *entrées* of the guests, their pump-like action in shaking hands, varied according to the practices of their respective rôles, the tear caught in the corner of the eye and looked at on the end of the glove." In the original scheme of the book Desirée was to have been a doll's dressmaker, a trade characteristic of the noisy, humming Marais. But in discussing the novel with one of his friends he learned of Dickens's *Our Mutual Friend,* where there is the same conception of a young cripple, who is a doll's dressmaker; and so instead Desirée became a worker on ornaments for birds and insects. *Fromont and Risler* was written in an old house in the Marais, where Daudet's study with its great windows looked out upon the foliage, the blackened trellises of the garden. Outside of that zone of quiet was the bustling life of the faubourgs—the factory smoke, the rumbling of vans, the noise of the workshops—in short, the very atmosphere with which the story is drenched.

IV.

Among Daudet's note-books there was one bound in green, full of closely written notes and baffling erasures. This green note-book bore the title The South, and from it Daudet drew *Numa Roumestan* and the stories of the prodigious Tartarin. It was probably the strangest and the fullest of all his note-books. In it were jotted down the distinguishing characteristics of his native province, its climate, accent, temperament, morals, the gestures, fits of frenzy and passionate outbursts, which come of its sunshine, and "that artless need of lying which is due to an access of imagination, to an

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expansive, chattering, good-natured madness, so utterly unlike the cold-blooded, wicked, deliberate lying of the North." These notes were gathered everywhere. First of all, he drew from his inner self, as one must do who hopes to write true. All the memories of his early years—that life which he painted so vividly when telling the stories of *Little What's-His-Name* and Elysée Méraut of the *Kings in Exile*—were pencilled there. It was full of the local ballads, the proverbs and homely sayings of the South, the cries of its hawkers, its epithets and its extravagances of speech.

From that book I drew *Tartarin de Tarascon, Numa Roumestan,* and, more recently, *Tartarin sur les Alpes.* Other books dealing with the South are vaguely outlined there, fanciful sketches, novels, physiological studies—Mirabeau, Marquis de Sade, Raousset-Boulbon, and the *Malade Imaginaire,* whom Molière surely imported from the South. Yes, and even serious history, too, if I may believe this ambition lying in a corner of the little book: *Napoleon, a Southerner—the whole race embodied in him.*

Mon Dieu, yes. In anticipation of the day when the Novel of Manners should weary me by the confined and conventional limits of its frame, when I should feel the need of enlarging my field and of soaring higher, I had dreamed of that—of striking the dominant note in Napoleon's supernatural existence, of interpreting that extraordinary man by this simple phrase, The South, of which Taine, with all his learning, never thought. The South, pompous, classical, theatrical, fond of parade and gorgeous costumes—with a spot or two in the creases—platforms, plumes, banners and trumpets flaring in the wind. The family-loving, tradition-ridden South, inheriting from the Orient loyalty to the clan of the tribe, with the fondness for sweet dishes and that incurable content for woman which does not prevent its being passionate and lustful to the point of madness. The cajoling, cunning South, with its reckless eloquence, luminous but colourless—for colour is a Northern quality—with its short but terrible outbreaks of wrath, accompanied by much pawing of the ground and grimacing, always more or less simulated, even when they are sincere—now tragic, now comic—typical Mediterranean hurricanes, ten feet of foam on top of calm water. The superstitious, idle-worshipping South, readily forgetful of the gods in the excitement of its salamander-like life, but remembering the prayers of its childhood as soon as disease or misfortune threatens. (Napoleon on his knees praying, at sunset, on the deck of the Northumberland, and hearing mass twice a day in the dining-room at St. Helena.) Lastly, and above all, the most prominent characteristic of the race—imagination—which was never so vast, so frenzied in any man as in him. (Egypt, Russia, the dream on conquering the Indies.) Such was the Napoleon whom I would have liked to describe in the principal acts of his public life and the trivial details of his private life, coupling with him as a foil, for a Bompard, imitating and exaggerating his gestures and his display another Southerner, Murat of Cahors, the poor and intrepid Murat, who was captured and driven to the wall, having attempted to effect a little return from Elba on his own account.

When *Numa Roumestan* appeared and for a long time afterward all Paris insisted, despite what Daudet said to the contrary, that the character of its hero was in a measure drawn from Gambetta. Numa, in reality, was made up of scraps and fragments, as was the case with every one of the people in the book, with the exception of the most ridiculous and improbable of them all—the chimerical and delirious Bompard. The character of the *tambourinaire,* Valmajour, was suggested by a musician named Buisson, who came to Paris with a letter to the novelist from the poet Mistral. It was from Buisson's lips that Daudet heard the little tale beginning: "It came to me at night." The house in Nîmes in which Numa was born was one in which Daudet lived as a child; the Brothers' school of the book was one of his earliest memories. There were others besides Gambetta who were recognised or who recognised themselves in Numa Roumestan. Numa Baragnon, a Southerner and an ex-minister, misled by the similarity of Christian names, was the first to protest. The legend about Gambetta was started by an article in a Dresden newspaper. Gambetta himself never believed it, and he and Daudet laughed over the story together.

As we were dining one evening side by side at our publishers' table, he asked me if Roumestan's *"When I don't talk, I don't think,"*

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was a manufactured sentence or one that I had heard somewhere.

"Pure invention, my dear Gambetta."

"Well," he said, "at the council of ministers this morning one of my colleagues, a Southerner from Montpellier, informed us *that he never thought except while he was speaking.* Evidently the idea is indigenous to your country."

V.

Of all Daudet's books, the one with which he had most difficulty, the one which he carried longest in his head in the stage of title and vague outline, was *Kings in Exile.* The chief trouble in the building of the story was in the search for models and for accurate information. He was obliged to press into service all his acquaintances from the top to the bottom of the social ladder. He interviewed the upholsterers who furnished the mansions of exiled kings and the great nobleman who visited these homes socially and diplomatically. He pored over the records of the police court and the bills of tradesmen, going in this way to the bottom of those royal existences, discovering instances of proud destitution, of heroic devotion side by side with manias, infirmities, tarnished honour and seared consciences. It was for a long while believed that the King and Queen of Naples were the originals of Christian and Frederika of Illyria. Here, again, Daudet contradicted the popular idea. Elysée Méraut, however, was taken from life. The original of the character was a young man named Constant Thérion, whom Daudet used to meet soon after he arrived in Paris in company with his brother Ernest—a young man who was forever coming out of book-stalls or burying his nose in old volumes in front of the shops that surround the Odéon; "a long, dishevelled devil, with a peculiar trick, constantly repeated, like the spasms of the St. Vitus dance, of adjusting his spectacles on a flat, open, sensual nose instinct with love of life." To the figure of this strange Bohemian, who used to stalk about the Quartier, shouting his monarchical opinions, Daudet brought the impression of his own Southern childhood. "It occurred to me to make him a countryman of mine own, from Nîmes, from that hard-working *bourgade* from which all my father's workmen came; to place in his bedroom that red seal, *Fides, Spes,* which I had seen in the house of my own parents, in the room where we used to sing *Vive Henri IV!*" Méraut having been invented, Daudet began to study out the problem of how he could be introduced into the royal household. The idea came of making him the tutor of a prince; hence, Zara. And while at work on this part of the book an accident took place in the family of a friend, a child struck in the eye by a bullet from a parlour rifle, suggested the idea of the poor king-maker destroying his own work. Daudet had originally intended to describe in the book the funeral of an exiled king from the impressions which he had derived from watching the funeral procession of the old King of Hanover pass the Librairie Nouvelle, the Prince of Wales at its head. Unfortunately, he was embarrassed by parallel episodes in some of his former works.

VI.

Fromont and Risler was pieced together and finished in Daudet's house in the Marais, the quarter which is the very life and essence of the book; *Kings in Exile* was written in the Place des Vosges, the old Place Royale of the eighteenth and preceding centuries, rich with the traditions of France under the Bourbon kings; *Tartarin of Tarascon* during a trip to Algeria, which Daudet took in the winter of 1861-62, when he went over the ground immortalised by the formidable Lion-Hunter. The book, however, was not written until some years later. It was first published as a serial in the *Petit Moniteur Universal,* and fell absolutely flat. The *Petit Moniteur* was a popular newspaper, appealing to a class of people utterly without comprehension of printed sarcasm. To those readers who had been accustomed to the blood-curdling romances of Ponson du Terrail the first chapters of the life of Tartarin were a disappointment that caused many to threaten to stop their subscriptions. After some ten or twelve instalments Daudet took Tartarin to the *Figaro.* There it was better understood by the readers, but came in collision with other animosities. The secretary of the newspaper, who had at one time lived in

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Algeria, retained a feeling of great affection for the colony, and was deeply exasperated by Daudet's apparent flippancy. He could not prevent the publication of the story, but he managed to divide it into intermittent fragments, so that the tale dragged on so slowly as to cause interest to flag. Nor was that all. The hero of the book was originally called Barbarin of Tarascon. It happened that there was at Tarascon an old family of Barbarins, who threatened the author with a lawsuit in case he did not instantly remove the name from his "insulting buffoonery." In time, however, all these difficulties were cleared away; people began to appreciate the "baobab villa," the "cap-hunters" and the Prince of Montenegro, and Tartarin emerged as one of the glories of French satire. It was not so many years afterward that the public which at first had received him so lukewarmly were clamouring impatiently for new adventures and incarnations. The Lion of Tarascon seems destined to take a place among the great comic heroes of all literature. In the Valhalla of fiction he will be found at table with Falstaff and Uncle Toby and Sam Weller and Squire Western and Wamba and Jos Sedley and Panurge and the Knight de la Mancha and Monsieur Jourdain. And yet, despite the thousands upon thousands who have laughed over his buffooneries and wept over him in the dark days of his downfall, he seems even now to be generally misunderstood. He talked of slaughtering herds—he whose only trophy after the Algerian expedition was the purchased skin of one blind lion—and yet at heart he was not a braggart. He uttered at every turn a thousand *gasconnades,* and yet at heart he was never a liar. Get underneath his great coarse skin, and you will find something of the gentleman. Like the Don Quixote of Cervantes, one of the best knights and noblest hearts that ever passed through fiction's pages, Tartarin was simply an anachronism. Quixote, seeking adventures in the days of Amadis of Gaul; Tartarin shouting his battle-cry in the Crusades—these men would not have been ridiculous, but sublime.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

EDWARD VII

Of King Edward's abilities as a sovereign, of his fitness for his position as King of England, it is, of course, impossible now to do more than make a good guess. He may be upon the English throne for years without our knowing very definitely what his real mental characteristics are or even what his opinions are. The late Queen ruled in England for sixty years and more, and yet we know her mental qualities only very vaguely. She managed to keep these in the background. Nor have any of the men admitted to her counsels ever thought it right or proper to give the world any light upon her real mind. Lord Salisbury, indeed, said the other day in the House of Lords that the Queen had a very accurate and just idea of the mind of the English people, of what they would and would not approve—of course, a very great quality in a politician. We can scarcely think of anything said about her by an English minister so authoritative and so intimate as this remark of Lord Salisbury; and it is safe to say that he would not have said even so much if the Queen were living. She herself has rarely said anything by which we could know what she was really like. All we know is that the result has been good, and that after sixty years we can pronounce her reign a beneficent and a successful one and may hold that she has been a good, perhaps a great, queen.

In the same way, we must wait to see the result in the case of the present king; but we may get some notion of the sort of king he is likely to be from what we already know of the man and by regarding the character of the education he has been receiving throughout these many years. During these years his function has been chiefly that of representation. Of education in practical politics he can hardly be said to have had any whatever. For instance, he has not received an education in the least like that by which an English prime minister is prepared for the duties of his office. An English

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prime minister begins as a young member of Parliament, serves first as a junior secretary in some department, later becomes a small member of the Cabinet, afterward a more important one, say foreign secretary, and finally prime minister, and the kind of work he has had to perform in these successive positions is much of the same general character. But the Prince received no education in the business of governing. Any attempt on his part to exercise an influence upon the course of politics would have been resented by the Queen and would have been disapproved by public sentiment.

He has been obliged, therefore, to confine himself to the office of representation. Here his duties have been especially important, owing to the fact that the sovereign was a woman, and, more than that, a woman retired from the world. These duties have been extremely well performed. They may not seem to have been difficult, but I am not sure even of that. They certainly necessitated a great deal of hard work and self-sacrifice. At every court, drawing-room and levee he has had to stand upon his legs for two hours and nod to or shake hands with an endless string of people, very few of whom could have had any possible interest for him. He deserves praise for doing this so thoroughly, and very high praise for never giving any sign of the weariness he must have felt. And it cannot be altogether easy to know just how to treat every one—whom to nod to only, whom to shake hands with, whom to shake hands with smiling, etc. Besides these court entertainments there are an infinite number of cornerstones to lay, hospitals and other public institutions to open, celebrations to attend; and at all of these he has had to be on time and throughout the whole performance to look as if he liked it, when, of course, he must have had many pleasanter things to do. At many of these ceremonies he has had to make addresses. This he has the art of doing very well. He is a good after-dinner speaker. Lord Houghton once said to him: "The two best after-dinner speakers in England are your Royal Highness and myself." I once heard him make an address at a memorial meeting upon Dean Stanley. Nothing could have been better than his manner of delivery. It is true he read it, but he did it with so much dignity, good taste and emphasis, that he seemed to feel what he said. Stanley had been one of the friends of his youthful days. He had been his companion on a visit to Palestine, when the Prince was little more than a boy. It is evidence, by the way, of the wonderful opportunities which the Prince has had of seeing the world and all that it contains that he was, I believe, the first person not a Mohammedan to enter the cave of Macpelah and see the tombs of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. There was fear that harm might be done the Prince by some fanatic; so he approached the mouth of the cave through long files of soldiers on either side. I may here be pardoned for mentioning a very pretty story of that adventure which Stanley relates and which amused the young man. When the Prince and Stanley approached the tomb of Abraham, the Mohammedan attendants made some outcry at the sacrilege, but not a great deal. But when the Prince came to the tomb of Isaac, they were loud in their lamentations. The English visitors thought this odd, Isaac being so much less distinguished than his father, and asked an explanation. The answer was that Abraham was of a kind and forbearing nature, but that Isaac was a severe saint, and likely to cut up rough if offended.

The incident of the cave is one of many illustrations, easily to be cited, of the fact that the Prince has had all his life the open sesame of the world. No man has been able to say with more truth, "Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine." Owing to the vast relations and possessions of England, his opportunities have been coextensive with the planet. But he has usually preferred those quarters of the earth where the most fun was to be had. In all the capitals of Europe everything worth seeing was, of course, open to him. But the world of London and England seemed to exist for his amusement, and he brought to the entertainment a lively capacity for its enjoyment. These instances, showing the width and variety of his opportunities, occur to me. I remember once going to see Toole as Sergeant Buzfuz in *Bardell v. Pickwick*, at that time being given in one of the theatres off the Strand. Between the acts Toole asked me back

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into his dressing-room. As he was putting on his paint before the looking-glass, I asked him who had been the model from whom he had taken his Sergeant Buzfuz, for I was sure it must have been a copy of some individual. He said it was Sergeant Ballantine, and that the night before the Prince of Wales had been sitting in the chair I then occupied and had said, "Come, Toole, let's go in and have some more Ballantine." This struck me as a little like a prince in the *Arabian Nights*. Another incident comes to mind, which Laurence Oliphant used to relate. It was of the Prince's introduction to John Bright. The meeting took place in the days when Bright was still unpopular with English society. Not a great while before, Palmerston had referred to him in the House of Commons as "the honourable and reverend gentleman," from which contemptuous treatment one may get a notion of what was then thought of Bright by London society. It was about the same time, perhaps, that Tennyson said to Gladstone that he had heard that John Bright dropped his "h's." The answer was: "Knock him down that says it." One day the Prince said to Oliphant: "What, Oliphant, you know John Bright! How does that happen?" "Yes; I know him," said Oliphant, "and will you allow me to say that the acquaintance of John Bright would be more worth while to you than that of many of the men you now know and are intimate with?" Accordingly, a meeting between Bright and the Prince was arranged in Oliphant's rooms, which were some dingy lodgings up two flights of stairs. As Oliphant was taking the Prince up, they met on the little, narrow stairs the landlord, who nearly fainted at the apparition. At this meeting the young man succeeded thoroughly in pleasing Bright. No very difficult thing, you may say. But the will to please was something, and some tact was needed in the case of a diffident, unworldly Quaker like Bright. There is no doubt the Prince has as the basis of his character a great deal of good nature. A few minutes' conversation with him will show this. People who saw him during his visit to this country were struck by this quality. Men show their real dispositions early in life. Mr. Maunsell B. Field, who saw a great deal of him here, says: "He was at that time as amiable and good-natured a youth as I ever met." He speaks of the Prince's walking with him from his drawing-room to the carriage, "holding my hand boy-fashion all the way."

If it must be admitted that his early manhood and middle age were not altogether blameless, it may be said in extenuation of his lapses from the strictest standards of good behaviour that the temptations of his position were peculiar. He was in the novel situation of one to whom the world had assigned splendour and pleasure as an occupation; indeed, in effect as his whole occupation. For these pursuits he seems to have had a natural suitability. He had a gift for splendour. Aristotle made magnificence one of the virtues, distinguishing it from vulgar ostentation. That virtue the Prince had. He had a gift for pleasure also. In that he was not peculiar. Most men like a pretty woman. But his position was exceptional in the fact that the pretty women were all throwing themselves at him. It was not that they wanted him so much as that each desired that victory over the others so dear to the female heart. Like Paris, he had an apple to give to the most beautiful, or rather I should say that, unlike Paris, he had a bushel of them for distribution; so that any good-looking woman might hope to walk off with one. No doubt, these various affairs did him some injury in the public eye, and he was himself conscious of this. I had the following anecdote from a very authentic source. It will be remembered that some twenty years ago the Prince of Wales was very popular in Paris. He was talking on the subject of this popularity with his friend, Alfred Montgomery, a very charming man, much his senior—a man universally liked and respected. They were saying how pleasant and how nice this popularity was. The Prince said that he knew that he did not have the same popularity among his own people. He regretted this, and wondered why it was, saying, "There was my great-grandfather, George III.; he made a great many mistakes, and yet he was very much beloved by the English people." "Shall I tell you why?" said Montgomery. "It was this; he ruled for sixty years over the English people, and during the whole of that time he never looked at anybody but his ugly old wife." I fancy the impropriety of most of these

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affairs of the Prince has been rather in the appearance than in the reality. He retained at middle age a zest in social matters scarcely consistent with a very fast life. No one who observed him could have failed to notice the freshness of his appetite for fun. When he was considerably past forty I used to see him at a Continental watering-place down at the springs at half-past six every morning, rushing about with the girls and taking an eager interest in the fun which you would expect of a youth of twenty.

While it may not be possible to tell very precisely the kind of king Edward VII. will be until he has been for some years upon the throne, still, from what we know of him and from the nature of the preparation he has been receiving for his new office we may draw a favourable augury for the future. We do not know much of his real thoughts and feelings regarding the questions of the day. If we did, we should not be able to form a much more satisfactory idea of the sort of king he will be than we can now do. We all know politicians, with whose minds we have been familiar for years, and who in careers that did not call for executive ability, in legislation, for instance, have been very able men, who, nevertheless, when entrusted with executive office, have been dismal failures. No doubt, the King has been an interested observer of public affairs and has had decided views of his own regarding them. The only time he ever spoke of such subjects in my hearing I was surprised by the frankness with which he expressed himself. But I am sure he has the good sense to be aware that these views, when they are not those of the country, must be kept in the background, and to recognise the limitations of the influence of an English sovereign on public affairs. The great requirements of an English king are tact, self-restraint and a sense of the proprieties and the decencies of his position. All of these he has. There will be no scandals to bring the institution of the crown into public disfavour. His wild oats—in so far as they have been wild—have been sown. Tact, that most important gift, he has to a high degree. He has been learning it all his life, and he was born with a good deal of it. It is one of the many clever words we owe the French; from *tango*, to touch—to know by the feeling of it, almost by the smell of it, what to do and especially what not to do. It is a combination of good nature and intelligence, the will to do and say the right thing and the intelligence to know what the right thing is, with, over and above these, a certain native faculty. Good nature the King has, and it is impossible to meet him without being impressed with his possessing intelligence and excellent natural abilities. We feel confident, therefore, that he will be equal to his new duties. Regarding the old ones, it will be interesting to know what part the King's gifts for splendour and pleasure will play in the new reign. Will advancing years and the sobering effect of his responsibilities leave him indisposed for the indulgence of these tastes? It may be so, but habit is strong in men, and if the King has good health, I fancy that his court will be brilliant.

THIS GIRL

From the French of Paul Fort.

This girl, she is dead—'mid her light loves dead—
They have borne her, at break of day, to the mound,
Where they laid her alone, in her bright robes clad,
And left her alone, all alone, in the ground.

They have gone back gaily—glad with the dawn—
And gaily they chanted, each one in his place,
"This girl, she is dead, but her lovers live on!"
Then turned to their pleasures with radiant face.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

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RUSSIA'S TRAMP NOVELIST

A brief despatch from St. Petersburg recently announced that Gorki, the celebrated tramp novelist, had destroyed the last chapters of his new work, *The Moujiks,* on which he has been engaged, and that it is believed he has gone back to his old life of vagrancy.

Maximilian Gorki is a curious literary phenomenon, who appeared in the Russian world of letters about seven years ago. A common tramp by profession and instincts, Gorki suddenly came forward as the author of books which, for their human interest and power of character drawing, have not been equalled by any Russian writer since the first romances of Tolstoy. The critics, while marvelling at the prodigy, acknowledged the absolute freshness and novelty of the writer's work, which has met with tremendous popular success, and has to a certain extent revolutionised Russian literature.

According to Ivan Strannik, who introduces his remarkable compatriot to foreign readers in a long article in the *Revue de Paris,* Gorki was born of very humble parents in Nizhni-Novgorod, a government of middle Russia, in 1868 or 1869—Gorki himself is not quite sure which—and became an orphan when still a child. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker, but, disliking the sedentary life, he ran away. He likewise deserted from an engraver's office, after which he entered the studio of a painter of religious pictures. Next he was a scullery boy and then assistant to a gardener. He tried all these modes of life, and was content with none of them. When he was fifteen he could barely read, although his grandfather took some pains to make him spell out words from an old family Bible. These early studies, however, only filled him with disgust for learning until the day when, assistant cook on board a steamboat, he was initiated by the chief cook into the joys of French romance, which fired his imagination and filled him with a ferocious desire to educate himself.

He went to Kazan and tried to obtain free tuition in one of the schools, but this he found impossible. Disillusionised, he took a situation as baker's boy at the wages of three roubles a month, but soon tiring of this and longing for the fresh air of the open country, he deserted the bakery and became a common country tramp, fraternising with every ragged vagrant he met on the road, but always reading and neglecting no opportunity to educate himself. A few months later he was back in the city, acting as watchman, and afterward he peddled kvass, a kind of sour beverage, in the streets. Then came the opportunity that was to give him his first foothold in the path of literature. Chance brought him into relations with an advocate, who took interest in him and helped him in his education. Then, just as this new life seemed to be developing his genius, his natural restlessness again asserted itself and once more led him to resume his nomadic existence. He tramped all over Russia on foot, exercising every possible calling to eke out an existence, including henceforth that of a man of letters.

He made his literary *début* with a short story called "Makar Tchoudra," which was published in a country paper. The story was more remarkable for what it promised for the future than for what it gave, the style being as yet unformed and smacking somewhat of the romantic school. The scene is laid in a gypsy camp, and the characters at times lack naturalness. Nevertheless, in this narrative can be seen already Gorki's most marked characteristics—his passion for outdoor life and his inordinate love of music and nature.

Gorki's real *début* dates from 1893. He made about that time the acquaintance of Korolenko, the writer, and with his assistance published another story, entitled *Tchelkache,* the success of which was tremendous. From then on Gorki threw aside every convention and strove to give frank and direct expression to his own views of life. As until then his life had been spent in the company of vagrants and he was himself a vagrant, he decided to devote his Muse to singing the "Song of the Tramp."

His favourite form is the short story. During the last seven years he has written thirty, which by their expressive brevity sometimes recall the methods of Guy de Maupassant. The plan of these stories is extremely simple. Often there are not more than two characters—

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an old beggar and his grandson, or a couple of workmen, or a tramp and a Jew, two companions in misery. The interest of these stories is not in the development of a complicated plot. They are rather fragments of life or bits of biography from one date to another. Here is the plot of one story:

A young peasant leaves his village to find work. In a seaport town he meets a ne'er-do-well, who persuades him to commit a crime. This entails a mysterious night expedition, which has for its object the robbing of one of the vessels in the harbour. The two men have to run the gauntlet of the coast guards during the terrors of night-time. After escaping a thousand dangers the booty is secured and is soon transformed into gold. So much wealth dazzles the peasant. Pictures of an idle, luxurious life surge through his obscure mind and disturb and tempt him. Dissatisfied at the share his comrade gives him, the peasant attempts to assassinate him and steals his purse. Then, tormented by remorse and fearing that the bloodshed and robbery may bring him bad luck, he returns to the man whom he has almost killed and, humbling himself, offers to return the stolen money. But the wounded man despises him, throws the coveted money in his face and, as a supreme insult, ends by forgiving him.

The plot is made entirely subsidiary to the character drawing. The style, despite its imperfections, is marvellously well adapted to the subject, being vigorous and facile and varying according to the needs of the story, now expressing all the abruptness and coarseness necessary; at other times coloured and poetic, until it reaches almost lyric heights. Gorki is very uneven, according to his moods, and he delights in fantastic pictures. His work lacks premeditation, each chapter representing his mood at the moment of penning it.

All that Gorki relates he has seen. All the scenes on land and sea that he describes, says M. Strannik, he has observed during the course of his adventurous career. Each detail of his *mise-en-scène* recalls to him some bitter or happy memory. The life of the vagrant he depicts has been his own life. The tramps have been his comrades. He has loved them or hated them. This explains the striking fidelity of his characters to life. He does not idealise the tramp; the sympathy he has for their courage and love of liberty does not blind him. He does not seek to conceal their faults or condone their vices. He paints the reality, but without exaggerating its ugliness. He does not avoid painful or coarse scenes, but even in his most realistic passages he never shocks the reader, because one feels that he is striving only to present the truth as it is, and is not seeking to create a sensation by cheap methods. He merely states things as they are and insists that they cannot be changed, as they depend on immutable laws. Gorki sees in his characters only the spectacle of life. He sees passion convulse them as the wind raises the crests of the waves, and laughter pass over their souls as the sunlight pierces the cloud. He is, in the best acceptation of the word, a realist.

The introduction of the tramp into Russian literature is Gorki's great innovation. The earlier Russian writers were first interested in the cultured classes; later they went as low in the social scale as the *moujik*. The literature of the peasant, in fact, assumed great importance. It also had political significance and had much to do with the emancipation of the serfs. Yet a large class remained in the shadow—that big army of vagrants, obeying no laws, common to all countries, but larger, perhaps, in Russia than elsewhere. The Russian tramp, like his American brother, is recruited from all classes of society, and one finds among them, in spite of the complete bankruptcy of their past, picturesque signs of their origin, that remain with them to the time when they finally disappear into unknown graves. Old soldiers, former students, printers, nobles, schoolmasters, peasants, each has retained some distinctive mark of his profession. Among his tramps Gorki represents as being particularly debased and devoid of all moral sentiment those vagrants that once belonged to a higher social class. He argues that they have not become tramps in obedience to an instinct of liberty, but rather owing to their idleness and cowardice, which rendered them incapable of leading a well-conducted life. Gorki despises this kind of vagrant, and he never misses an opportunity in his stories to disassociate them from nature's true vagabonds.

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Although, for the most part, the tramps in Russia are recruited among the peasants, there is between these two classes much opposition and open hostility. The tramp despises the peasant who lives miserably on the little he has got. The peasants, on the contrary, abominate the tramp, because they fear him and perhaps also because he tempts them to adopt their own idle, irresponsible kind of existence. But the hand-to-mouth life of the tramp, with its lack of principles and domicile, offends the conservative instincts of the true peasant. If some of them join the army of tramps, it is because in some districts the soil does not produce enough to support the population.

The success of Gorki has been tremendous; so great, in fact, that it may have had the pernicious effect of checking his genius. Almost as soon as he realised that he had received a place in literature Gorki tried to take up other subjects. But although familiar with the life of the tramp, he was entirely out of his element when portraying society people, and the few stories he has written dealing with the upper classes are commonplace and did not add to his reputation.

His sudden disappearance from St. Petersburg is taken to mean that once more that restlessness of soul and longing for the unfettered life of the fields that has been with him all his life has again seized him. His friends say that he will reappear as suddenly as he went away, bringing with him more material to add to the store of human documents that have already made him famous.

Arthur Hornblow.

AT PARTING

The time has come when o'er the placid stream
Of things that were the portent of a change
Is imminent. We try to rearrange
Our vision and gaze backward; thus we deem
Ourselves enabled to retain our dream.
Awhile we play our foolish game, and strange
New pleasure take in old past joys that range
The lengthy gamut through. We try to seem
Contented, sorrow waiting at the door!
Inexorable Time demands his pay,
Postponement is not reckoned in his lore;
Our payment must be made. Each precious day
We grudgingly expend—we have no more—
Then bankrupt stand and face the parting way.

Ada Eugénie Fischer.

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GIUSEPPE VERDI: AN APPRECIATION

It is the habit of the day to take a survey over the various fields of human interest and activity and note the changes that have occurred therein during the past century. The results make a brave showing for the human race. Great men have exerted a profound influence on life in its every phase, and enriched mankind with material and intellectual fruits of a quality not to be matched by preceding centuries. Progress is written across the record on every page. To review the career of Giuseppe Verdi, whom a grim fatality has removed at the very dawn of a new era, comports with this general habit of thought; for his life-work is the epitome of operatic history during the greater portion of the nineteenth century. It is a tale of continuous development and progress.

As in the case of so many great musicians, Verdi was born amid the humblest surroundings. A cluster of laborers' huts some few miles from Parma constitutes the village of Roncole, and here Carlo Verdi and his wife Luigia, the parents of the composer, eked out their small existence as innkeepers. Young Verdi's musical aptitude manifested itself early in life. It is related how an itinerant organ-grinder exercised a strange fascination over the boy. (The spell was broken, it is safe to say, when the composer himself began to furnish a repertoire for the instrument.) Apparently, the humble innkeeper had some inkling of his son's talent, for we find him at the age of seven already possessed of a small spinet and taking lessons from the village organist. Two years later he replaced his teacher as organist, and the first stage of his musical education was complete.

A rich patron of his father, living at Busseto, near by (where the youth went daily to school), threw in Verdi's way some opportunities for the exercise of his talents. With the encouragement of this musical Mæcenas, and with the natural instincts of his own genius, he improved every occasion. But the young musician quickly outgrew his local surroundings, and, aided by his generous friend, at the age of sixteen he went to Milan, then the centre of musical activity in Italy. Nothing daunted by the refusal of the director of the Conservatory to admit him—the worthy man pronounced him wanting in musical gifts—Verdi persevered in his studies, finding an excellent teacher in Lavigna, a distinguished musician connected with La Scala Theatre. Here he continued until twenty years of age, when the death of the director of the Philharmonic Society at Busseto called him to that post. He married the daughter of his friend and patron, and in 1838 again set out for Milan. His first opera, *Oberto,* was produced at the famous theatre of La Scala the following year. Verdi was then twenty-six.

The year 1839 also saw the performance of Rossini's last work for the stage, *William Tell,* and thus was the continuity of Italian opera unbroken, the cloak of Rossini being caught up by young Verdi before it had fallen. *Oberto* was sufficiently well received by the public to induce the impresario of La Scala to enter into negotiations with the composer, who, accordingly, agreed to supply him with three operas in the two succeeding years. But domestic misfortunes (Verdi's wife and two children died within two months) interfered with these arrangements, and, completely disheartened, he resolved to give up music. He was, however, persuaded after a time to write once more; and *Nabucco,* produced in 1842, firmly established his reputation over all Italy. It is a significant circumstance in connection with the presentation of this work that the chorus was increased. The regular forces of the theatre had satisfied Rossini, Donizetti and Bellini; but Verdi demanded the change, and the manager yielded.

It is unnecessary to relate in detail the incidents connected with the career of the composer for whom the future thus brilliantly opened. *I Lombardi* followed *Nabucco* with even more pronounced success. In spite of their great vogue, Rossini and his school were already displaced by the newcomer, and his works were widely sought. From Venice, Rome, Naples, Paris, Florence and London came orders for operas, and a number were produced in rapid succession under Verdi's personal direction. In 1849 he returned to Roncole and purchased the villa of S. Agata, which was to the last his favourite residence. It would be a

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natural error to suppose that unbounded enthusiasm greeted every opera that Verdi wrote. But his failures, such as they were, are completely outweighed by the unexampled popularity of *Ernani, Rigoletto, Trovatore* and *Aïda.* He wrote in all twenty-nine operas—not a large number, taking into consideration the period of time covered by his career—and of these a majority have disappeared from the repertoire of the opera companies of to-day. The opera is necessarily short-lived; and of the works which contemporaneous criticism called "immortal," but one or two last a hundred years—such is the destroying power of time. However, if immortality cannot be predicated of the larger number of Verdi's operas, they have stood their ground with all but a few that are set apart for the unceasing delight of mankind; and to the class of these isolated few Verdi himself has contributed at least one.

The composers of Italy have always been pre-eminently composers for the voice. Their imaginations were stirred to the depths only by that most responsive of instruments. The two greatest names that Italy contributes to music are those of Palestrina and Verdi, both vocal writers and separated by more than three centuries. In his youth Verdi wrote a number of instrumental pieces, most of which remain in manuscript; and, doubtless, it is fortunately so. His few later excursions into other fields than the opera were comparatively unimportant. The *Manzoni Requiem,* written in 1874, and some very recent sacred compositions, are the only exceptions that require mention. He was essentially a theatric and dramatic composer—as much so, in fact, as Wagner. It is curious to observe how these two men, so completely contrasted in disposition, methods of work and musical theories, gradually drew together and wrote operas that will stand or fall by the same standards of criticism. Wagner was aggressive and a fighter; Verdi hated controversies and pursued his way quietly. They both accomplished the same result—the emancipation of dramatic music from the bonds of the conventional and artificial. Wagner had a deep contempt for the masses and went out of his way to belabour them; Verdi craved popular approval and wrote for the public at large. Each has gained the love and veneration of musicians for his large share in the musical development of the century.

It is a convenient, though not inevitable, classification to divide Verdi's operas into three periods, the first extending to *Luisa Miller,* written in 1847 (including among lesser-known works *I Lombardi* and *Ernani*); the second to *Aïda,* written in 1871 (and including *Rigoletto, Trovatore, Traviata* and *Ballo in Maschera*); and the third comprising *Aïda, Otello* and *Falstaff.* The first period shows the young composer taking his cue from the school of Rossini and accepting all its conventions. Weber's influence, destined to become so widespread, was at this time confined to a small portion of Germany and Austria. It had not penetrated beyond the Alps. Wagner (born the same year as Verdi) was a struggling musician whose works attracted but the slightest attention. His opera *Tannhäuser* was yet to be produced. Verdi then took as his prototypes, *Semiramede, Norma* and *I Puritani.* Yet even at this time he showed distinct originality and a marked individuality of style. From the first he had command of a broad, sweeping, melodic flow. His music was often rude, often coarse, but it was rich-blooded, emotional and spontaneous. With *Luisa Miller,* and still more with *Rigoletto,* comes a change. The recitatives are no longer the meaningless stuff of the preceding generation. There is some attempt at characterisation, and the orchestra plays a more important rôle in the performance. Dramatic force is now an avowed purpose, and there is less prolixity in expression. But the composer is not yet master of his tools. His music is still unrefined in quality, turgid and boisterous. Had his career closed at this point, the name of Verdi would be of little importance at the outset of the new century.

In 1871 the Suez Canal was formally opened, and for the celebration held at Cairo in connection therewith Verdi wrote *Aïda.* The libretto, based on an Egyptian subject, gave the composer his first opportunity to show his feeling for colour. *Aïda* was a great step in advance of all he had theretofore accomplished. The same rich font of melody continues to respond to

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the demands made upon it. There is the same vigorous outpouring of broad tunes. Pompous and large-sounding as much of the music is, it has lost its old coarseness and taken on a polish that adds infinitely to its lasting power. The instrumentation is enriched and refined. Dramatic fidelity is closely served. *Aïda* does not show a complete breaking away from old forms. Arias, duos and concerted finales are still used. But one feels that the master hand is rendering them plastic. They are moulded anew and are conquered and controlled for all time. The cry of Wagnerism raised against this opera, its composer lived down. He was in no sense a mere servitor of the Bayreuth master. In so far as Wagnerism means reform, Verdi, in his later works, was Wagnerian; but so was Gluck. Verdi and Wagner both searched after greater dramatic truth, and independently of each other succeeded in arriving at similar results. In the pomp and splendour of its stage pictures *Aïda* is more closely akin to Meyerbeer's than to Wagner's works. But this resemblance, too, is superficial, and the opera is to the core Italian. Verdi was accused of placing the pedestal on the stage and the statue in the orchestra pit; but this complaint has attached to every composer from Mozart on.

Verdi maintained a silence of fifteen years before he gave to the expectant world his *Otello*. There is little outward incident to be noted in his life during this time. His countrymen in their pride and affection would have thrust political honours and titles upon him; but Verdi, shunning publicity of any kind, refused them. Some years after the loss of his wife and children he married Madame Strepponi, the prima donna in the production of his first opera. She died four or five years ago, and his retirement became even stricter than before. But Verdi was not idle during these years. He was untiring in his efforts to grow musically; and in *Otello*, added to all his previous gifts, is seen profound musical learning. In this work he is once for all the modern reformer. The traditions of Italian opera are entirely swept away, and in their place we have the lyric drama. The orchestra is now an independent voice, lending its important aid to the exposition of the dramatic situation. Set tunes are for the most part abandoned, and the arioso style reigns supreme. The libretto, too, is an incalculable advance over the rubbish which usually served. Boito, the poet and scholar, proved himself a worthy collaborator of his great countryman. This opera is not sufficiently known to the public to be thoroughly enjoyed by them. But familiarity cannot but breed the deepest admiration for the genius who, ever persevering, ever progressing, reached the pinnacle on which he stands as composer of *Otello*.

And now, what further can be said of this man, who at eighty years of age wrote *Falstaff?* There is something very attractive in the notion of the composer in his serene old age, far removed from the passion and turgidity of his youthful expression, writing his first comic opera. Boito, too, falling in with the spirit of Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, produced in this his best literary work. The highest superlatives have been expended on *Falstaff*. It has been described as the work of a Mozart—than which praise can go no farther. It is masterly in every detail. Such genuinely humorous effects, melodic and instrumental, have never before been caught in terms of music. The many-sidedness of the composer is seen in his ability to give expression to such widely differing subjects as the love episode between Alice and Fenton, the playful chatter of the "Merry Wives," the jealous rage of Ford, the self-complacency of Falstaff, the poetry of the woodland scene, and the fairy revels; while even the minor characters, Bardolph, Pistol and Dr. Caius, have musical individuality as complete as their characterisation by Shakespeare.

For obvious reasons it is unwise generally to attempt a critical estimate of a man who has just died; and in music, more than any other sphere of interest, hasty judgments of contemporary writers have brought down upon them the ridicule and sarcasm of posterity, by reason of their wide divergence from the mark. But in the case of Verdi circumstances are such that his merits and faults can be summed up and set off against each other even at this time with a fair degree of accuracy. We have already the proper per-

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GIUSEPPE VERDI.

spective through which to view his early works; and by using them as a touch-stone, and noting the direction in which his development tended, it is possible to arrive at a just estimate of his life-work as a whole. (Of course, in respect of his influence upon succeeding generations of musicians, all is mere guesswork.) Verdi is one of the greatest names on the page of musical history during the nineteenth century, and his place in opera is with Mozart, Weber and Wagner. He raised Italy to a power in the musical world such as it had not been since the days of the old church masters—in the infancy of the art. He transformed Italian opera from the pastime of a frivolous amusement-loving race to the high seriousness of a great work of art.

Lewis M. Isaacs.

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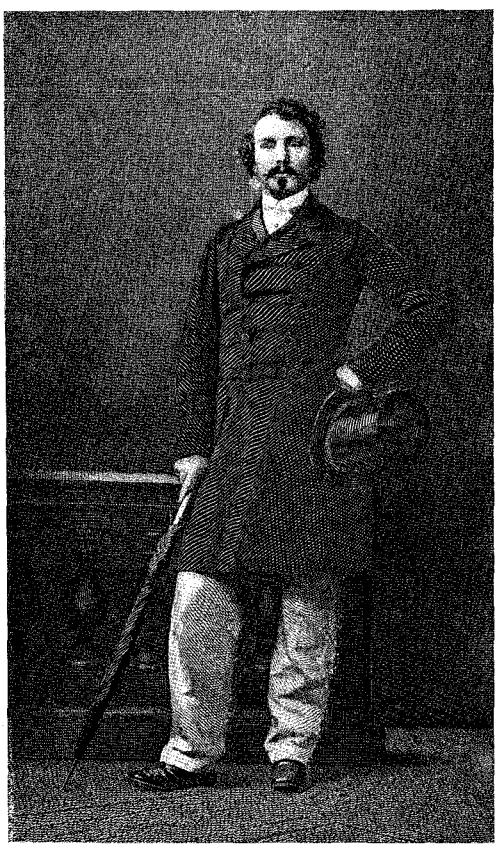
FOREIGN AUTHORS IN AMERICA

PART III.

People, I am told, no longer read the writings of Mayne Reid, but a generation ago the name of the author of *The Castaways* and many another book dear to the heart of boyhood was one to conjure with; and it was from his American experiences that he drew the material for most of the more than fifty volumes that are credited to him in the library lists. Reid was a native of the North of Ireland. His father was a clergyman, who fondly hoped that his son might follow in his footsteps, and with that end in view gave him a theological education. But a life of adventure was more to the lad's taste than the pulpit, and in 1838, when he was twenty years old, he threw away his books and started for America. Landing at New Orleans, he plunged at once into the wilderness as a trader. He made friends with the Indians of the Red River country, and night after night sat with the braves around their camp-fires listening to the legends and tales of the medicine men. At the same time he hunted the buffalo and the bear, and became deeply learned in the lore of the forest and the prairie. After five years—he was wont to call them the happiest and most joyous of his life—passed in this way the young Irishman settled in Philadelphia, and with the fund of information he had acquired devoted himself to story-writing for the periodicals of the day.



MAYNE REID.

Then the Mexican War broke out, and Reid obtained a commission in the United States Army as second lieutenant in Burnette's regiment of New York volunteers. He was present at the siege and capture of Vera Cruz; led the cavalry charge which decided the battle of Churubusco, and was in the front ranks of the forlorn hope at the storming of Chapultepec. In this last attack he was shot down at the head of his men, and was reported killed. Instead he recovered, and saw himself praised in more than one despatch for his gallantry. The war over, he resigned his commission, and two years later sailed from New York at the head of the Foreign Legion, a band of volunteers organised by himself to aid the Hungarians in their fight for freedom. At Paris their progress was arrested by the unwelcome intelligence that the Hungarians had been compelled to lay down their arms.

The volunteers were dismissed, and their leader, taking up his abode in London, devoted himself till his death, in 1883, to literary pursuits. He was a rapid writer, and one after another produced in quick succession the series of novels and romances which brought him fame and a competence. To those who were boys thirty years or more ago these books were full of the most delightful entertainment and instruction. They may not have been literature in the accepted sense of the term, but the narrative itself was always interesting, and mingled with it were accurate lessons in natural history, which served in many in-

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stances to arouse a taste for scientific study that lasted through life. Than some of Mayne Reid's stories no better books for boys were ever written, and there is at least one aging youngster who would like to see them republished in the form in which they were first familiar to us, and which was far superior to the guise they have assumed of late years.

Captain Frederick Marryat, another name dear to the heart of boyhood, made a tour of the United States in 1838, and upon his return home published *A Diary in America, with Remarks on its Institutions.* The doughty captain's remarks displayed strong and acrid prejudices, but Americans wisely laughed them down the mind. Not so, however, with the *American Notes* of Charles Dickens, who made his first visit to the United States in the opening month of 1842. Dickens was at that time not quite thirty years old, but had already published *Pickwick Papers, Oliver Twist, Nicholas Nickleby, Barnaby Rudge* and *Master Humphrey's Clock,* thus achieving a reputation of a kind such as no one ever before and no one since has compassed. Americans not only shared in the general admiration of the novelist, but many felt toward him a sentiment akin to personal affection, and when it was learned that he contemplated a visit to this country, Washington Irving, soon to depart for Spain, headed the list of distinguished authors who wrote to urge his coming.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R.N., C.B.

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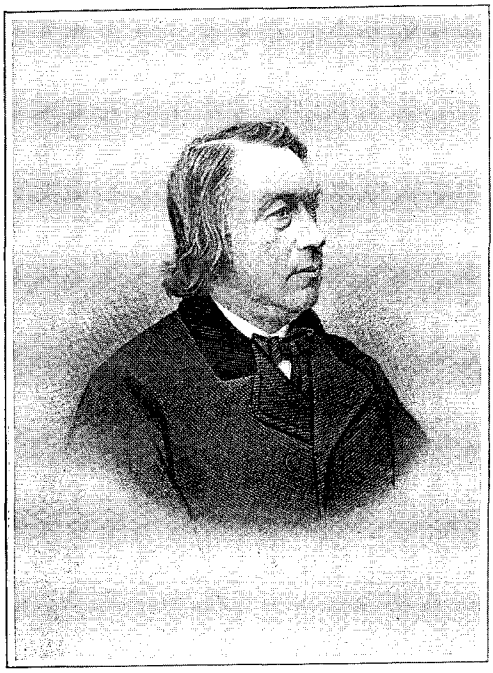

CHARLES MACKAY.

Thus assured of a hearty welcome, Dickens sailed with his wife from Liverpool on January 4, 1842, landing at Boston eighteen days later. His reception in that city was enough to turn the head of an older man. Mrs. Dickens writing home a few days after their arrival, spoke of it as "something not to be described," and added: "It will be the same, they tell us, all through America." And it was. In New York, whence he journeyed from Boston, the ex-chancellor of the State, the judges of the courts, eminent lawyers and leading men of science and of letters, along with prominent representatives of the pulpit and the medical profession, all joined hands to welcome Dickens. There were parties and receptions in his honour; there was a dinner, presided over by Irving and attended by Bryant, Halleck and many another; and there was the famous "Boz Ball" at the Park Theatre on February 14, 1842. "Kate and I," said Dickens in a letter to his chum and biographer, John Forster, "were twice marched around before the ball began, escorted by Colden in evening dress, and Morris"—the partner of Willis, but always prouder of his epaulets and sword than of his poetry and pen—"in a uniform of heaven knows what regiment of militia, while we were surrounded by three thousand people in full dress packed from roof to floor, with the house magnificently decorated, and amid lights, glitter, glare, show, noise and cheering."

For months thereafter Knickerbockers talked of little else than the Dickens ball. Meanwhile, Dickens, travelling through the South and West, met everywhere with cordial and affectionate welcome. Yet at the end of a few months he returned to England a disappointed and embittered man. He had sought to secure the passage by Congress of a copyright law that would assure adequate protection to the interests of foreign authors, counting confidently upon his own great popularity to carry the matter through. He counted without his host. Failure gave him acquaintance with a phase of Yankee character not at all to his liking, and led to the publishing, in 1843, of his *American Notes*. These purported to be accurate sketches of life in the United States, but they were nothing of the kind. Instead, they were a series of sneers at American ways, manners and people. The bad taste that led to the printing of such a book, after the generous treatment which Dickens had received in the States, no one can dispute. It is only fair to add that its publication was subsequently much regretted by the author.

Almost twenty-five years after his first visit Dickens came a second time to America. In 1867 he determined to give a series of readings from his works in the United States in order, as we know now, to recuperate an exchequer that had been too heavily drawn upon. At first he feared that old grudges might be remembered against him, but he was happily mistaken. *David Copperfield, Bleak House* and *Our Mutual Friend* had caused *American Notes* to be forgiven if not forgotten, and the welcome given their author was as sincere and hearty as that accorded him in his youth. His readings, from the first given in Boston in November, 1867, to the last one in New York, five months later, were an unparalleled success. Wherever he went great audiences crowded to greet him, and the seventy-six readings which he gave in various cities of the country

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yielded him a net profit of upward of $180,000.

Not less cordial were the personal welcomes extended to the great novelist—welcomes which reached a fitting climax in the well-remembered press dinner given to him at Delmonico's on the night of April 18, 1868. This dinner, arranged by a committee of the New York press, represented authorship and journalism from Maine to Texas, and over the great West to California. It was a noble gathering—two hundred guests from all parts of the Union, and all men of authority and renown. Horace Greeley, then in the prime of health and genius, presided, with Dickens on his right and Henry J. Raymond on his left, and opened the speaking in an address of persuasive eloquence and humour. His commencement was unique, for he began by telling how more than thirty years be-

SAMUEL LOVER.

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fore he had established a weekly paper called the *New Yorker*. "In looking about," said he, "for matter to fill my literary department I ran against some sketches from a cheap English periodical, which I at once transferred to my paper. These sketches were by an unknown author, who wrote under the appellation of 'Boz.' So I think I can claim to be the first one who introduced Mr. Dickens to this country." Then he went on in his crisp, quaint, original way to tell how he had tried in a Florentine inn to read *David Copperfield* in Italian, ending with a toast which made every glass ring: "Health and happiness, honour, and generous because just recompense to our friend and guest, Charles Dickens."

When the applause had died away Dickens arose to reply. Many of his readings had been given when the reader was tortured by the maladies which beset his closing years, and he had come from a sick bed to attend the dinner given in his honour. Yet we are told he spoke with an ease marvellous to those who knew his suffering. He spoke from memory, for his speech had been prepared with care, amid the closest attention and at times enraptured applause. There was a figure at the end—it were better for America and England to go back to the ice age, and be given over to the Arctic fox and bear than fight—that brought every guest to his feet; and as he sat down in a burst of cheers the band played "God Save the Queen."

Four days later Dickens sailed for

CHARLES DICKENS AT THE TIME OF HIS FIRST VISIT TO AMERICA.

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home. "Come to England when the hedges are in bloom and report at Gadshill," were his parting words to a friend at the steamer's side. In June, 1870, this friend came to England, and found the hedges in bloom, but—no master at Gadshill. Dickens had died three days before, and the American who had planned to be his guest was only in time to see the flowers still fresh on the slab over his grave in Westminster Abbey.

Sir Charles Lyell, the eminent geologist, visited the United States in 1841 and again in 1845. During his second visit he delivered a highly interesting course of lectures on geology before the Lowell Institute in Boston, and spent a year in a tour of observation and exploration through most of the States. The results of his two visits he gave to the public in *Travels in North America,* published in 1841, and a *Second Visit to the United States,* issued four years later, in which he treats of the social as well as geological characteristics of the New World in a spirit of warm admiration, tempered by keen yet kindly discrimination.

Sir Charles was the first Englishman to visit America in the rôle of public lecturer, and his successful example was followed during the next few years by Samuel Lover, William Makepeace Thackeray and Charles Mackay. The author of *Rory O'More* and *Handy Andy* had conceived a form of entertainment which he called "Lover's Irish Evenings," and in the course of which he told Irish stories, intermixed with anecdotes and relations of various kinds, and declaimed and sang his own songs. His enterprise was rewarded with such success, first in England and then in Scotland and Ireland, that in 1846 he came to America, here to meet with the same flattering reception as elsewhere. Within two years he travelled through the whole of the United States, and visited the principal cities of Canada.

Thackeray made his first visit to America in 1852. "I must and will go," he wrote to his daughter, "not because I like it, but because it is right I should secure some money against my death for your poor mother and you two girls. And I think if I have luck I may secure nearly a third of the sum that I think I ought to leave behind me by a six

CHARLES DICKENS AT THE TIME OF HIS SECOND VISIT TO AMERICA.

months' tour in the States." His hopes were fully realised. He sailed from Liverpool on October 30, 1852, and his first lectures upon the English humourists were delivered in New York and Boston to large and sympathetic audiences, who knew their enjoyment to be the highest kind of literary pleasure. After New York and Boston came Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and "an interminable succession of balls, parties and banquets at the British Embassy and elsewhere." Then followed a tour to the South, which charmed him, and a final and very profitable series of lectures in New York.

Wherever Thackeray went he was welcomed in the most cordial manner, and everywhere he left behind him enduring memories of his constant, sturdy simplicity and kindliness. Just before he sailed upon his return to England he gave a dinner at Delmonico's to repay many civilities, and assembled a party of twenty or thirty guests of various distinction. "Thackeray was in high spirits," writes George William Curtis, "and when the cigars were lighted he said that there should be no speech-mak-

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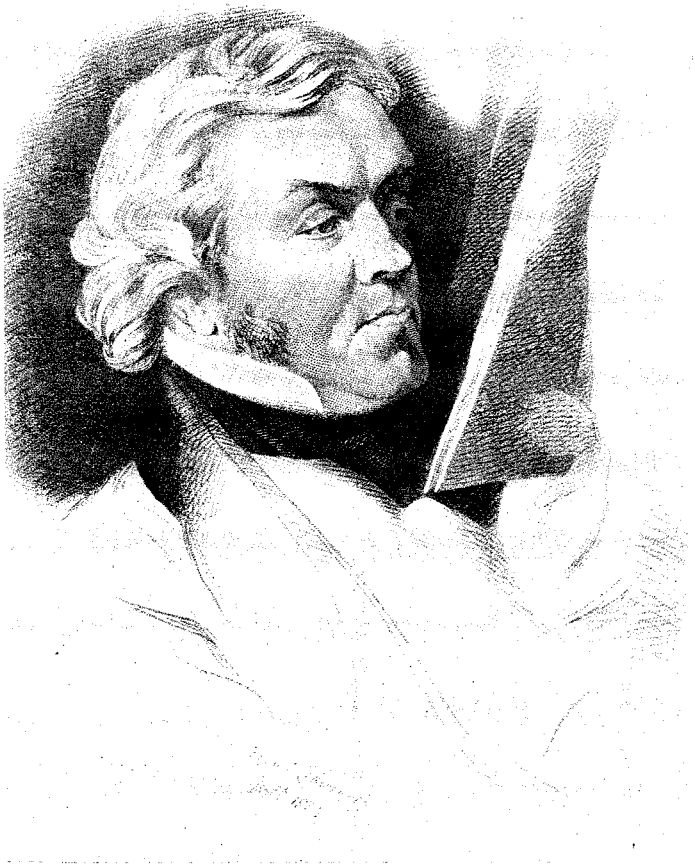

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

ing, but that everybody, according to the old rule of festivity, should sing a song or tell a story. James Wallack was one of the guests, and with a kind of shyness, which was unexpected but very agreeable in a veteran actor, he pleaded earnestly that he could not sing, and knew no story. But with friendly persistence, which yet was not immoderate, Thackeray declared that no excuse could be allowed, because it would be a manifest injustice to every other modest man at table, and put a summary end to the hilarity. 'Now, Wallack,' he continued, 'we all know you to be a truthful man. You can, of course, since you say so, neither sing a song nor tell a story. But I tell you what you can do better than any living man—you can give us the great scene from *The Rent Day*.' There was a burst of enthusiastic agreement, and old Wallack, smiling and yielding, still sitting at the table in his evening dress, proceeded in a most effective and touching recitation from one of his most famous parts. No enjoyment of it was greater and no applause sincerer than those of Thackeray, who presently sang his 'Little Billee' with infinite gusto."

If Thackeray had been minded to make a book out of his American experiences he abandoned it at starting. "As for writing about this country," he says in a letter from Boston to his old friend, Mrs. Proctor, "about Goshen, about Canada flowing with milk and honey, about the friends I have found here, and who are helping me to procure independence for my children, if I cut jokes against them, may I choke on the instant. If I can say anything to show that my name is really Makepeace, and to increase the source of love between the

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two countries, then please God I will. The laugh dies out as we get old, you see, but the love and the truth don't, praised be God! and I begin to think of the responsibilities of this here pen now writing to you with a feeling of no small awe. The first name I heard in the railroad going hence to New York was my own by a pretty child selling books. So, here it is after fifteen years, think I, here's the fame they talk about. My impression, though, was one of awe and humility rather than exultation, and to pray God I might keep honest and tell truth always."

And so, instead of a stereotyped record of travel, Thackeray gave us that delightful book *The Virginians,* in part the result of his visit, and wrote for use on a second lecture tour in America his illuminating lectures on the four Georges. This second tour, begun in the fall of 1855, was also a prosperous one, and, though often ill, the lecturer was happy, and wrote home cheery letters, some of which have lately been given to the world

SIR CHARLES LYELL.

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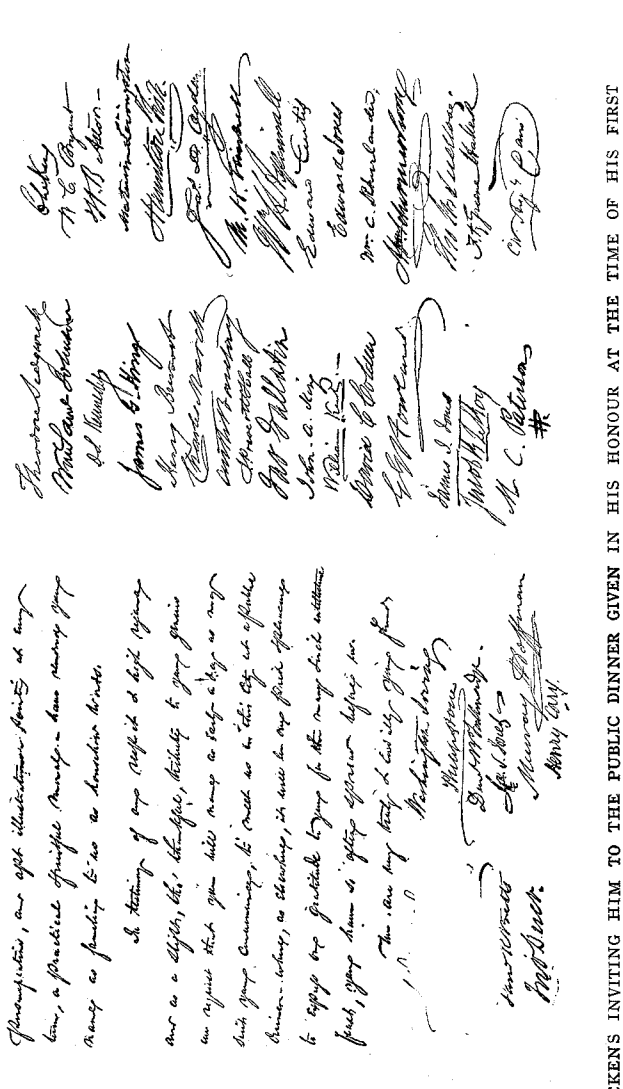

FAC-SIMILE OF THE LETTER TO CHARLES DICKENS INVITING HIM TO THE PUBLIC DINNER GIVEN IN HIS HONOUR AT THE TIME OF HIS FIRST VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

by his daughter. Wherever he went he was again received with the utmost kindness, and great was his delight when told by Dr. Kane, just returned from the icy North, that he had seen one of his seamen in one of the holds crouched over a book for hours and hours, and behold it was *Pendennis*. One amusing adventure quoted by Mrs. Ritchie recalls Mr. Pickwick's most terrifying experience. "Had a very pleasant dinner with S. Ward and a party at Delmonico's," wrote the novelist. "Came home late and had an awful Escape—I tremble when I think of it. Took my key at the bar, entered my apartment, began straightway to pull off my boots, etc., etc., when a sweet female voice from the room within exclaimed 'George!' I had gone into the second-floor room instead of the third. I gathered my raiment together and dashed out of the premises."

Two years after Thackeray's second visit Charles Mackay, the Scotch song writer, prosecuted a lengthy lecture tour in the United States, and upon his return home published an optimistic volume entitled *Life and Liberty in the United States*. A decade or more before Alexander Mackay, another Scotsman and author, but no kin of the poet, had visited the States to report for the London *Chronicle* the debates in Congress upon the Oregon question, later publishing *The Western World; or, Travels Through the United States in 1846-47*, a work of comprehensive scope and signal breadth of vision.

Rufus Rockwell Wilson.

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THE REMINISCENCES OF MR. HOWELLS*

There is among the writings of Carlyle a passage sufficing to atone for many warped and narrow sayings of the English prophet—a few words, ringing clearly with the sound of truth, that epitomise a deep and lofty theory. "In this world," we find it written in *Past and Present,* "there is one godlike thing, the essence of all that was or ever will be of godlike in this world: the veneration done to Human Worth by the hearts of men." The veneration done to Human Worth—herein lies the greatest charm of Mr. Howells's reminiscences. From the boyhood days when first he met Bayard Taylor, to the later years when Longfellow and Lowell and those others whom Mr. Howells most loved and revered went forth to join the undying dead, the record of his friendships is a record of devotion to what is most lovable in human personality and what is most admirable in human character. And if, indeed, Mr. Howells seems at times to have worshipped with a little too much modesty the great authors whom he met, so difficult of determination is the right line between self-suppression and self-assertion that one hesitates to do more than call attention to this trait of Mr. Howells—a trait that is individual rather than typically American.

The nobly inspired humility which forty years ago characterised Mr. Howells's attitude toward the famous writers of New England is easily understood in remembering Mr. Howells's own conviction, never since abandoned, that authorship is the noblest of callings; in reflecting on the beautiful characters of the men who were making New England great; and, above all, in recalling the status of our literature and the high purposes which it subserved two-score years ago. The men who wrote in those days were deeply imbued with a sense of the sacredness of their profession, and were poets—"makers," "shapers," as the Greek word means, not alone of phrases that should ring musically in the ears of the hearers, but also, to an important extent, makers of a nation's conscience and shapers of a nation's culture. Emerson held high the torch of personal independence and of universal brotherhood; Longfellow played with so much moral sweetness on the various chords of life that the workmen of England stopped to listen; Hawthorne enticed the spirit of beauty into his thoughtful pages and by the magic of his art there held her captive; Holmes had already taken his place at the Breakfast Table, where, from his autocrat's chair, he gave to all who came pellets of wisdom and of experienced knowledge made palatable and delicious by means of their coating of simple humour and smiling grace; Lowell was widely known not alone as the satiric writer of *The Biglow Papers* and *The Fable for Critics,* but, too, as the tender moralist of *The Vision of Sir Launfal* and the inspiring teacher of literature and life; while Whittier, the embodied flame of the spirit of Emancipation, had in his *Voices of Freedom* sounded a note whose echoes thrilled through the land and could not be stilled till the slaves were free. It is not necessary here to argue the question of the interdependence of art and morality; to show either the fallacy of Mr. Swinburne's contention that the greatest art may be wholly disassociated from the ethical or critical faculty; or, on the other hand, to dwell on the inevitable limitations that are the result of didacticism. What remains true in any case is the noble simplicity, the high-minded unselfishness and the powerful influence of the New England group under whose spell Mr. Howells came as a young man of twenty-two or three.

It is not primarily as a critic of literature that Mr. Howells recalls his acquaintanceships, but as a man among men; and thus instead of studied appreciations of poems and essays, we get those personal glimpses, those intimate impressions, which are deeply welcome, because they illuminate the great bond of our common humanity which makes Lincoln and Emerson and the workman in the factory and the ploughman in the field brothers in blood. It was Mr. Howells's rare good fortune to be invited only a few days after his arrival in Boston as the fourth at a dinner where sat Lowell and Holmes and with them Fields,

*Literary Friends and Acquaintance: A Personal Retrospect of American Authorship. By W. D. Howells. Illustrated. Harper and Brothers. 1900. $2.50.

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a Mæcenas among American publishers. Here the young Ohioan first listened not only to candid authoritative discussion of literary doings and doers, but also watched the sparkling flow of cultured thought into many of the commoner channels of life's activity. "It is best to find that all men are of the same make, and that there are certain universal things which interest them as much as the supernal things, and amuse them even more." And so Mr. Howells recalls the saying of Lowell's, "which he was fond of repeating at the menace of any form of the transcendental, 'Remember the dinner-bell.'"

The sunlight natures of the three men with whom Mr. Howells dined at the Parker House make all the more interesting by contrast the shadowy character of Hawthorne, into whose presence a note of introduction from Lowell soon made it possible for Mr. Howells to enter. Holmes had already smilingly told him that Hawthorne was "like a dim room with a little taper of personality burning on the corner of the mantle." But Mr. Howells, with the insight that reverence and sympathy give to all eyes, seems to have pierced the obscuring gloom and recognised the purity and the light of the mystic flame. Hawthorne's look was "sombre and brooding, as the look of such a poet should have been; it was the look of a man who had dealt faithfully and, therefore, sorrowfully with the problem of evil which forever attracted, forever evaded him." The talk was of Europe and of America, and Hawthorne asked questions concerning the West, and he spoke of the New England temperament—all fitfully and with a "visible shyness;" yet, in spite of the fact that there was "a great deal of silence in it all," Mr. Howells writes that "my memory of him is without alloy one of the finest pleasures of my life." In honouring Hawthorne, Mr. Howells does honour to himself, and no one who has read the letters wherein our most beautifully imaginative writer has shown his thoughts and feelings can fail to take an almost personal pleasure in the delicate tribute that the adjective "finest" so well accentuates.

The day after meeting Hawthorne, Mr. Howells called on Thoreau, who stands forth prominently in these reminiscences by reason of being the one man who did not fulfil the expectations that his fame had aroused in his young visitor. Nor, indeed, in reading *Walden*, which contains all that there is of Thoreau's philosophy, need one marvel at its author's impotency to inspire sympathy and affection in the heart of youth. A battle is not won by him who runs away; the enigma of life is not solved by him who avoids the world of men; and though in the sincerity of Thoreau's advocacy of simple, unostentatious living there is to be found a salutary influence, the absence of his sense of human kinship makes of him a figure in American letters even more solitary than Poe. Mr. Howells went to him revering the defender of John Brown; he left realising that the John Brown who had called forth Thoreau's support "was not the warm, palpable, loving, fearful old man of my conception, but a sort of John Brown type, a John Brown ideal, a John Brown principle, which we were somehow (with long pauses between the vague, orphic phrases) to cherish and to nourish ourselves upon."

Reassuring it must have been for Mr. Howells when, but a few days after this dampening interview, he met Emerson, and in noticing the "strange charm" in the seer's eyes, "which I felt then and always, something like that I saw in Lincoln's, but shyer, but sweeter and less sad," to realise that plain living and high thinking were not, Thoreau-like, dependent on self-exclusion from man's society, but, indeed, Emerson-like, most assured when both action and thought should take into account the conditions of all human life. There is a far-reaching significance in Mr. Howells's statement that "if the truth were told, Emerson was more to my young fervour, because he had said that John Brown had made the gallows glorious, like the cross, than because he had uttered all those truer and wiser things which will still a hundred years hence be leading the thought of the world." Had Emerson not been willing and eager to take part in the actual strife that humanity was then waging, he would not have been the man capable of inspiring after ages through the earnestness of his lofty teachings.

Mr. Howells's first interview with Emerson is interesting to the reader

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chiefly in its evidence of how deficient our great critic of life was as a critic of literature. *The Marble Faun* Emerson called "mere mush," while for Poe he had only the contemptuous phrase "the jingle man." This was more than ten years after Poe's death, and Emerson must long ago have forgiven, if he had ever noticed, Poe's sneering treatment of him as a transcendentalist. In later years, when Mr. Howells was editing the *Atlantic Monthly* (and it was, of course, as a result of his connection with this most important journal in our literary history that Mr. Howells came to know most of the eminent New Englanders well), he met Emerson at rare intervals, but never became intimate with him. The last time he saw him was at the burial of Longfellow, when Emerson, an old man of eighty, "went up to the bier, and with his arms crossed on his breast and his elbows held in either hand, stood with his head pathetically fallen forward, looking down at the dead face. Those who knew how his memory was a mere blank, with faint gleams of recognition capriciously coming and going in it, must have felt that he was struggling to remember who it was lay there before him; and for me the electly simple words confessing his failure will always be pathetic with his remembered aspect: 'The gentleman we have just been burying,' he said, 'was a sweet and beautiful soul; but I forget his name.'"

In the chapter wherein this incident is related Mr. Howells has many anecdotes to tell in connection with the Dante Club, which originally met at Longfellow's house. Here Lowell and Fields and Holmes and Agassiz and Norton and Howells (lovers of Italy all), and at times Appleton, Longfellow's brother-in-law, and Greene, a gentle old friend, would meet to hear and discuss the translation of the *Commedia* and to exchange thoughts, as at the Saturday Club in Boston, light and serious under the poet's hospitable roof. Mr. Howells exposes the more personal sides of Longfellow's character, and we see him the patient, conscientious gentleman and scholar, not capable of the entire intimacies of some natures, but interested rather in "the large, impersonal topics which could be dealt with on their human side, and involved characters rather than individuals." Though this trait led to a certain reticence, Longfellow had a feeling of kindness for all men, a universal benevolence, which laid him open to criticism from sterner judges of human error, but which (so far removed was Longfellow from all mean thought and bitter action) justifies, in Mr. Howells's opinion, Björnstjerne Björnson's phrase, "The Norsemen, in the days of their stormy and reluctant conversion, used always to speak of Christ as the white Christ, and Björnson said in his letter, 'Give my love to the white Mr. Longfellow.'"

Lowell and Holmes were so much in the public eye that their characters, doubtless, are familiar to many who are not so well acquainted with their writings. But even their familiar figures Mr. Howells illuminates anew. The boyish side of Lowell's nature, the unwillingness with which he parted with his youth, his whimsicalities and yet his deep convictions, his tender love for the young wife who had died so early and his diffidence toward women in general, whom he in many ways revered and still did not wish to meet as intellectual equals, the inspiration of his presence and of his words, the interesting contrast between his catholic tastes, his whole-souled humanity and his "patrician instincts" and "cloistered habits"—all this Mr. Howells summons forth from the dear vista of unforgotten days. And other facts, less known, are here recounted; one, indeed, of peculiar interest for our national history. In 1876 Lowell had been chosen a Presidential elector by the Massachusetts Republicans, "and in that most painful hour when there was question of the policy and justice of counting Hayes in for the Presidency, it was suggested by some of Lowell's friends that he should use the original right of the electors under the Constitution, and vote for Tilden, whom one vote would have chosen President over Hayes." Of course, Lowell recognised that quite apart from the question of the justice of Hayes's election he himself had, though a legal, no moral right to vote for Tilden. Yet had he followed, as his personal inclinations might, perhaps, have led him to follow, the letter and not the spirit of the law, our nation's history would in all probability have become bloodier than it is. Such an action, however, seems almost an insult even to

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consider in connection with a character of such sincerity and loftiness as Lowell's.

The humour and the humanity which one cannot disassociate from the nature of the author of *The Courtin'* appears somewhat differently in Holmes. The best beloved of all the Bostonians was far more fond of society than was Lowell, a more buoyant participant in the amenities of every-day life. "He could not be with you a moment without shedding upon you the light of his flashing wit, his radiant humour, and he shone equally upon the rich and the poor in mind. This gaiety of heart could not withhold itself from any chance of response, but he did wish always to be fully understood and to be liked by those he liked." This accounts for the lovable quality of Holmes's writings. "He sought the universal through himself in others, and he found to his delight and theirs that the most universal thing was often, if not always, the most personal thing." He was scientific; and we feel this not only in wandering through his well-ordered library, with its many little contrivances for added comfort and convenience, but, too (with all the derogatory element removed that in some minds attaches to the term "scientific"), in his realisation, so charmingly productive, of the truth which Mr. Meredith, we believe, enumerates in one of his novels, where he says that observation is the only lasting pleasure in life. Holmes, as Mr. Howells writes, was not constructive in his genius, but essentially observant; and if he was not in American life a positive force to be remembered as an exponent of some creed or doctrine, he did much to remove ignorance, to soften faults and to surround with a sweeter, saner atmosphere those who approached him either actually or through his writings.

Not alone do the famous New Englanders talk and laugh and smoke their pipes in Mr. Howells's pages, but the New York as well as the Boston of forty and thirty and twenty years ago is pictured there. We cannot take much pride in the early days of our city's cultural development in the Civil War period, though their literary insignificance and comparative vulgarity serve to emphasise all the more strongly the precedence that New York now holds in the realm of American letters. If one excepts Walt Whitman, Mr. Stedman and Mr. Aldrich, no figure greatly worth remembering arises from the then prominent coterie of writers, most of whom were connected with *The Saturday Press,* at that time the only important New York journal, as the *Knickerbocker Magazine* was "decrepit and doting," while the *Nation* and the Harper periodicals had not yet made themselves known. The literary clique effected a kind of cynical bohemianism, which found expression, outside of their writings, in the conversations at Pfaff's beer-cellar on Broadway. It was there that Mr. Howells first saw Whitman. "He had a fine head with a cloud of Jovian hair upon it, and a branching beard and moustache, and gentle eyes that looked most kindly into mine and seemed to wish the liking that I instantly gave him, though we hardly passed a word, and our acquaintance was summed up in that glance and the grasp of his mighty fist upon my hand." The tribute that Mr. Howells pays to Whitman's benignity and sincerity is soon followed by gracious praise for his friend Mr. Stedman, whom he came to know about the same time. "In a community which seems never to have had a conscious relation to letters he has kept the faith with dignity and fought the fight with constant courage." Bryant, then the most representative citizen of New York, Mr. Howells seems never to have known well; but Curtis, who succeeded to Bryant's position, entered Mr. Howells's sphere of acquaintances at Mr. Norton's home in Cambridge not long after the war. Though he never knew Curtis intimately, Mr. Howells came near enough to him to recognise that for Curtis "humanity was above the humanities," and that "he was one of the few reformers who have not in some measure mixed their love of man with hate of men; his quarrel was with error, and not with the persons who were in it."

It would be a very pleasant task, were time and space less inexorable masters, to keep on quoting Mr. Howells and, by means of the vision of his memory, to wander through quaint old New England, marking the customs of bygone times, to visit with him Venice and New York and see, some in swift glimpses, others in the more intimate relations of

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neighbourly intercourse, the many authors whom Mr. Howells has met on his way through life. The Piatts, the Stoddards, the Childs and the Danas; Parkman and Ticknor the remembered, Parton and Ropes, the almost forgotten historians; Whipple, the keen essayist, whose literary appreciations deserve a respected place in American criticism; Henry James, the Swedenborgian individualist and analytic fictionist; Osgood, second only to Fields in the record of influential Boston publishers; Motley, who, as United States Minister at Vienna, was the official chief of Mr. Howells when he held the position of consul at Venice; Celia Thaxter and Lucy Larcom and Julia Ward Howe, Harriet Prescott and Elizabeth Phelps and Mrs. Stowe; Artemus Ward and Bret Harte and Mark Twain—all these, and many besides, enter into the cheerful light of Mr. Howells's reminiscences. The late Professor Boyesen is especially sympathetically treated. Of his novel, *The Mammon of Unrighteousness*, Mr. Howells states that "it is a great novel, and I am quite willing to say that I know few novels by born Americans that surpass it in dealing with American types and conditions. It has the vast horizon of the masterpieces of fiction. . . ." This is the praise of the American chief of the "realistic" school for a *confrère* who "out-realisted" him. Not here is the place for a discussion regarding the novelist's art; Mr. Howells has not in this volume brought forward his theories in any contest-provoking manner, although the one sentence where it is affirmed that "New England yet lacks her novelist" (New England that had Hawthorne!) "because it was her instinct and her conscience in fiction to be true to an ideal of life rather than to life itself," comes near being a challenge difficult to withstand. At any rate, for once let us gladly waive all debate concerning Mr. Howells's "realism," content that, whatever he may be in his art, in his life he has been an idealist, if idealism in life means, as we take it to mean, belief in the value and permanence of the noble qualities in human nature, and faith, based on this permanence, in a universal purpose making for good. This lofty, rational optimism pervaded the characters of all the noble group that made of the elm-avenued Cambridge of one and two-score years ago a place that will in all probability not soon again be paralleled. The charm and inspiration of its culture, its hospitality, its simplicity, with character and intellect as the sole standards of worth, seem far removed from the wealth-absorbing and, to a great extent, wealth-absorbed city in which Mr. Howells now lives. We are not of those who with a backward glance at the "good old days" tremble at the thought of the future; and whatever the exigencies of these transitional times, it does not seem to us that American manhood is essentially different in the least respect from what it has been:

> They only part
> From their true way who change, not road, but heart.

Yet in the unprecedented circle of friends of which Mr. Howells was so welcome a segment there was an atmosphere that one can hope to breathe only among the altitudes of lofty characters, knowing intimately and caring dearly for one another. And so in reading of those idyllic and yet strenuous days we of a younger generation may, perhaps, be pardoned a reverent envy of Mr. Howells when to the sessions of sweet, silent thought he summons up remembrance of things past.

George S. Hellman.

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SHARPS AND FLATS*

A posthumous work by Eugene Field is offered through the medium of Mr. Slason Thompson, whose judgment and discrimination have led him to compile from the records of the Chicago *Daily News* (now the Chicago *Record*) two volumes of prose and verse written by the Western author. Six days of the week for twelve years Field contributed a column of paragraphs, entitled *Sharps and Flats,* revealing an untiring pen, an unflagging humour and a shrewd philosophy, which caused him to be the most widely quoted of his class in the newspaper world. From this tremendous mass of material, which amused and edified so many, it is only fair to concede that there should be some things worth the saving and the assignment to a permanent place beside the collected works of the author. Mr. Thompson has had the perspicacity to realise this, and has assumed the difficult task of sifting the purely ephemeral from those of deeper moment, and the eminently local from those of wider consideration. In doing this he has endeavoured to indicate the phases of Field's writings as his outlook varied from time to time and as he lent himself to the diverse influences which surrounded his career.

When Field's paragraphs first began to appear in the *Daily News* in August, 1883, they went in under the heading *Current Gossip;* but very shortly after this the title *Sharps and Flats* was adopted, after a play by Clay M. Greene, which was being performed at the time by Messrs. Robson and Crane.

Humour is the conspicuous note in the larger portion of the comment, which has been selected by Mr. Thompson; paradox and parody make up the majority of the verse; and as for the latter it is doubtful whether the author of *Love Songs of Childhood* has gained any further reputation as a poet by the fugitive pieces now presented to the reading public. Of the political squibs, which formed so large a part of his daily column, a goodly share have been included, and there are many delicious bits of satire as pertinent now as when they were first written. For instance:

"Where do you stand on the silver question, Mr. Steinbecker?"

"Vot you mean?"

"Well, are you in favour of a single standard or a double standard of money?"

"Oh, I vos in favour off a touble schtantart—von to buy mit and von to sell mit. Py chiminy, if ve have only von schtantart of value, vere vill der profits come in?"

or,

A Chicago Voter, having Presented himself at the Polls with the Intention of Enjoying the blessed Boon of Suffrage, was rudely Repulsed by the Judges of Election.

"Are you an Irishman?" They asked.

Whereupon he Conceded he was Not.

"A German?" inquired They.

"Alas," he cried, "I am Only an American!"

"In that Event," They answered Coldly, "you cannot Vote until you have Produced your Naturalisation Papers."

A curious analogy of editorial policy frequently existed between Field and the editorial page of the *News,* for to *Sharps and Flats* was permitted the utmost license of speech, and as a result often disagreed with the more ponderous utterances of superior officers. "In the campaign of 1884," writes Mr. Thompson, "the *News* was strongly Mugwump, and favoured the election of Mr. Cleveland, while the *Sharps and Flats* column was persistently, not to say perniciously, active in advocating the election of Mr. Blaine." It was then that Field advised Mr. Cleveland, at that time Governor of New York, to follow the advice of Mr. Dana to "turn the rascals out" by pardoning all the convicts in the State prison.

The family connections of Eugene Field were in constant fear lest he should become an actor, and he held it over them as a good-natured threat. On one occasion, failing to get an appropriation from the executor of the estate, he said calmly to the man, "Very well, I must have money to pay my living expenses. If you cannot advance it to me out of the estate, I shall be compelled to go on the stage. But as I cannot keep my own name, I

*Sharps and Flats. By Eugene Field. Collated by Slason Thompson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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have decided to assume yours, and shall have lithographs struck off at once. They will read, 'To-night M. L. Gray, Banjo and Specialty Artist.'" Needless to say, the money was forthcoming. It was this strong affiliation with the stage, no doubt, which makes some of the most sympathetic and amusing paragraphs in *Sharps and Flats* about plays and player folk. "Robson in Serious Drama," "Francis Wilson's Legs," "Salvini in Polyglot Drama," "Frou Frou in Chicago," are dramatic history in a new guise as seen by Eugene Field.

As with us recently, a Bernhardt engagement had brought out all the French scholars in Chicago:

Presently Colonel William Penn Nixon, the gifted editor of the *Inter-Ocean,* came along and slipped into the seat next to General Stiles. He had an opera-glass, and he levelled it at once at Bernhardt's red hair.

"Do you speak French?" asked General Stiles, in the confidential tone of a member of the Citizens' Committee.

"Oony poo," said Colonel Nixon guardedly.

"Vooley-voo donny moy voter ver de lopera?" asked the general, motioning toward the opera-glass.

"See nay perzoon ver de lopera," protested the colonel. "Say lay zhoomels."

"Mong doo! What do I want of zhoomels?" cried General Stiles. "Zhoomels is twins."

"Parbloo!" said Colonel Nixon, "it is not twins; it is opera-glasses."

"You're all wrong, William," urged the general. "The French idiom is 'the glass of the opera.' *Ver* is 'glass' and *de lopéra* is 'of the opera.'"

"I have heard them called lornyets," suggested Judge Prendergast in the deferential tone of a young barrister seeking a change of venue.

"Well, I don't know what the general's opera-glass is," said Colonel Nixon, "but this one of mine is a lay zhoomels."

"Call it what you please," replied the judge; "it is der tro, as far as I am concerned, until the corpse de bally makes its ontray."

"I thought you didn't speak French," said General Stiles, turning fiercely upon the judge.

"Oh, well," the judge explained apologetically, "I'm not what you and the colonel would call oh fay—I'm a june primmer at the business—but when the wind is southerly I reckon I can tell a grizet from a garsong."

On books and writers there are stories, hoaxes and withal a shrewd discernment, which led Field to recognise the genius of Kipling at once, and to chide gently the rancorous, who smarted under the young Anglo-Indian's comments on the unconventionality of Chicago and elsewhere in this country. It is a little early to determine Eugene Field's place in permanent literature. His remarkable and far-reaching personality still holds sway among the many living who knew and admired him, and his songs of childhood, the rhythm of "Wynken, Blynken and Nod" sing of a subject so suggestively sweet and tender as to decry the rudeness of the critic who might probe into the art of the lullaby. These two added volumes, *Sharps and Flats,* are necessarily fragmentary, yet they indicate the range of Field's capabilities and prove him a generous humourist, a keen observer and a shrewd philosopher. Though considered as a Western writer, and belonging by birth to Missouri, the influences of his early New England training are paramount, a curious combination of Puritan and Pagan. "If I could be grateful to New England for nothing else," he used to say, "I should bless her forevermore for pounding me with the Bible and the spelling-book."

He was essentially American, and he may be classed with the unique figures of our national literature of the last quarter of a century, with James Whitcomb Riley, Joaquin Miller or even Walt Whitman. One can be grateful to Mr. Slason Thompson for rescuing from the devouring press so much that was flesh and blood and bone; and it is an act of justice withheld from many; but it was as a writer of child verse that Eugene Field won his best reputation, and as such that he will be best remembered.

Colin Barclay Matheson.

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A NEW VIEW OF ROMAN ART*

There is a wide difference between Roman art and the art of the Romans. The history of the latter has not yet been written; the very existence of the former is often brought into question. The story of art in Rome would begin with the shepherd's round, wattled hut, as we see it in miniature in the "hut-urns" of Alba Longa and the Etruscan tombs, and with the primitive pottery and implements of the Bronze Age that characterised the civilisation of the people who built the first Rome on the Palatine Hill. It would show how in the following centuries the Etruscan influence was dominant, bringing to Rome her massive walls, her vaulted drains and her temple with its terra-cotta decorations in the Tuscan style; how then conquered Greece yielded up her art treasures, while her living sculptors and painters themselves came to Italy, bringing with them the methods and technique of Hellenistic art. We should see how the capture of Tarentum, of Syracuse, of Corinth, of Alexandria filled Rome in turn with the masterpieces of sculpture and painting torn from palace and temple, where, perhaps, the masters themselves had placed them centuries before; and how the growth of wealth and luxury consequent upon these victories inspired in all, connoisseurs and dilettanti, a passion to possess, if not the originals themselves, at least the copies of them which the studios of Rome were producing incessantly to meet the popular demand. Dozens of Roman *atria* were adorned with "marble fauns," hundreds of luxurious peristyles had their Venus crouching in the bath or shielding her form from impious gaze. The taste of these Roman art patrons was thoroughly catholic; they bought with zeal the works of every period—the stately figures of the school of Phidias, the lovely creations of Praxitelean art, or the realistic and baroque productions of the Hellenistic Age. In the last century of the republic and under the reign of Augustus this passion for Greek art was at its height. But Rome was now the admitted ruler of the world and the centre of all higher activity; and it was inevitable that the predominant national spirit of the Roman people should assert its influence also in the field of art, adopting the Greek idealism, but modifying and transforming it to suit its new surroundings. The Empire may be said to have created the triumphal arch and the honorific column; it saw the erection of great family tombs that lined the suburban roads; and for the decoration of these structures with historic or descriptive scenes in relief it developed a style of sculpture that was, in a way, as new as the buildings which it served to adorn. These two tendencies—reproduction of the Greek and development of the historical relief—endured throughout the history of art in Rome. A revival of Hellenistic originality under Hadrian, a fad for the Egyptian or the Persian under the influence of Eastern religions—these were only sporadic phenomena and never affected the main current of art in Rome, which continued as before, until the darkness of the barbarian invasions blighted all originality in the West.

This, in barest outline, would be the story of the art of the Romans. There was Etruscan, there was Greek, there was Egyptian art in Rome, but was there ever a distinctly Roman art? It is a question often asked and often answered in the negative. Critics have generally devoted their attention to the works of Greek genius, and have refused to see in the later creations anything more than the reflected light of Hellenism. But Professor Wickhoff is not of these. In the volume before us he endeavours, in a series of broad essays, to separate from the complexity of art in Rome those tendencies and those methods of application that seem to him to be really original, and to mark the development of a distinctively Roman art. And more than this: he would see in this Roman art a vital force that, perpetuated in the Christian manuscripts of the fifth century and later, exercised a potent influence on the artists of the Renaissance. It is an entirely new point of view, and a fascinating one, too, for the author leads us at

*Roman Art. Some of Its Principles and Their Application to Early Christian Painting. By Franz Wickhoff. Translated and edited by Mrs. S. Arthur Strong, LL.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. $12.00.

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will over the whole broad field of ancient and modern sculpture and painting and illuminated manuscripts. There is a wealth of illustration, but the mind is bewildered at times by the very expanse of the field, due to the breadth of the writer's vision. In his method of presenting ideas, Wickhoff is a bold impressionist, like the Roman artists that he so admires. Take his remarks on the fragmentary sculptures in terra-cotta from the temple at Luni, now in Florence:

> The only extant head of the group, the Apollo, if it were placed before any experienced amateur, not necessarily skilled in research, but fairly familiar with the museums, and having an intelligent idea of the classifications of ancient and modern art, would most likely at first sight not remind him of the antique at all. The prominent eyes, fleshy nostrils, sensuous, open mouth, undulating contour of the cheek, and thick, wrinkled neck—all these details and the life-like portrait effect resulting from a combination of all of them, would inevitably recall to an amateur a multitude of similar heads referable to Tuscan origin, but more likely to confuse than to instruct him in a question of date. For this Apollo bears a very close and perplexing family resemblance to the heads on the drawings, cartoons, and frescoes of Sandro Botticelli, Verrocchio and Filippino Lippi. And the Luni horses bear a greater resemblance to those in the "Triumph of Death" at Pisa than to any horses in Greek art.

The quotation illustrates at once Wickhoff's argument of the existence of a *Roman* art, based on the Etruscan and different in its essence from the Greek, and his contention for the continuity of the principles of this art down to modern times. For him Etruscan and Tuscan art are one, though separated by centuries of time.

What, then, in brief, is Wickhoff's view of Roman art? Greek artists, he argues, in their search for ideal beauty, created the *type* at the expense of the individual; while in Italy the Etruscans, in their terra-cotta sculptures especially, worked out the problem of individualism. In Rome the two tendencies came into conflict, and Hellenism won the day, but not without concessions to its opponent. Under Augustus, the support of official patronage was given to the Greek influence, and the fine reliefs of his *Ara Pacis* show this conventional Hellenism, which appears also in the official portraits of the period—the young Augustus and the armoured statue from Prima Porta. In the provinces, however, the Italian "illusionist" school was still dominant, and is seen in the contemporary reliefs of the Julian tomb at Saint Rémy and the triumphal arch of Orange; and this vigourous native art soon forced its way even into the capital, for the conventional style lasted not more than seventy years, and by the end of the first century real Roman art was in full blossom. We see it in private hands on the tomb of the Haterii, and on public monuments, such as the arch of Titus; and it reached its culmination in the reign of Trajan, when it was used to delineate most wonderfully the exciting events of the Dacian campaigns.

In developing his argument Wickhoff is rich in valuable suggestions. His remarks on polychromy in Roman art are especially good, and should help in the appreciation of the triumphal reliefs—of Titus, for instance—where there is no trace to-day of the pigments and gold-leaf that once, doubtless, added materially to the effect. Theories regarding existing works of art are rare and only casually introduced, as when he suggests (page 38) that the "Medusa Ludovisi" may be cut from a relief that once formed a companion-piece to the "Endymion" of the capitol. Wickhoff is not in this volume concerning himself with the subjects of Roman art, but with its principles and their application.

The English translation by Mrs. Strong (née Eugénie Sellers) is a sumptuous volume in the style of her translation of Furtwängler's *Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture,* a fine specimen of artistic book-making and a delight to the eye. It is enriched with fourteen plates and a large number of photographic reproductions of ancient monuments, many of them little known but of much artistic interest. The work of translation is careful and scholarly; on page 110 "*demoniac* beings who *grace* the ceremonies with their presence" seems, rather than is, blameworthy, but surely one should not speak (page 53) of the "pulsating life" of a rose-bush, even to describe the realistic effect of the original carved in stone.

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A few oversights in proof-reading might have been avoided, as, page 130, *Cormenicus* for *Germanicus;* page 141, *cities* for *critics;* page 129, note *Jus.* for *Ins;* but these are but slight defects upon the pages of one of the most noteworthy art-books of the year.

George N. Olcott.

LITERARY PARIS

The Academy had remained complete for quite a while. There are now two vacancies in it, and they are likely to lead to two important elections, one because of the great place occupied by the deceased member, the other because of a brilliant candidacy which may be foreseen even at this early day.

The deceased members are the Duc de Broglie and the Vicomte Henri de Bornier. I need hardly say that the former is the more important one.

The Duc de Broglie was celebrated not only as a man of letters, but also as a public man. But even his best friends to-day admit that if he had not been driven back to literature by political disappointment, the fame he leaves behind him would not be as bright as it is.

Literary and political ability both came to him as heirlooms. He was the son of Duc Victor de Broglie, one of the ablest and one of the few clear-sighted statesmen of the reign of Louis-Philippe, and the grandson of Madame de Staël.

He was certainly the equal of neither of these great progenitors of his, nor, on the other hand, can he be said to have been unworthy of them. In politics, after several brilliant campaigns in the liberal ranks against the government of Napoleon III., he committed the grave mistake of failing to understand, after 1870, that a restoration of monarchy had become an impossibility in France. He, therefore, antagonised the government of Adolphe Thiers, brought about its downfall in 1873 by exceedingly clever parliamentary tactics, but found himself, when in power as prime minister of Marshal MacMahon, absolutely incapable of stemming the current which was running toward the enactment of a republican constitution. With the masses of the people he was not popular. Only once in his life was he able to win an election by universal suffrage, and that was in February, 1871, when any important man who declared himself against a continuance of the struggle with Germany was sure to be returned. In 1876 he barely managed to get into the Senate; nine years later he was defeated for re-election, and retired from politics.

His literary life may be divided in two parts, one preceding, the other following his period of political activity. He was barely thirty years of age when Louis Napoleon destroyed the republican constitution of 1848 and made himself, with the help of the army, the absolute ruler of the State. Under a government which made both parliamentary life and constitutional opposition equally impossible, politics had no attraction for such a man as young Albert de Broglie. History, moreover, already attracted him, and he soon brought forth an important work, *L'Eglise et l'Empire Romain au IVe Siècle,* on the strength of which he was a few years later made a colleague of his own father in the Académie Française, in which he succeeded his eloquent friend, Père Lacordaire.

As soon as a greater degree of liberty made political life again possible he abandoned literary pursuits and for nearly twenty years gave up most of his time to politics. When he returned to literature he was an old man; he had gained political experience, he had been an ambassador, a minister of foreign affairs, the head of a government, a parliamentary leader, the chief of a great political party. The enlargement of his political comprehension was at once visible when he produced the first of his numerous volumes on the history of France's foreign policy during the eighteenth century. To the subject itself he had been attracted by the fact that a member of his family, whose private papers had come to his hands, the Comte de Broglie, had been the head of what is known in French history as the "Cabinet Secret de Louis XV." These volumes, *Louis XV. et Frédéric II., Frédéric II. et Marie Thérèse, Voltaire*

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avant et pendant la Guerre de Sept Ans, etc., are among the best-written historical works published in France during the last half century; they are as entertaining as any novel, and, in addition, remarkably trustworthy. In spite of the cruel bodily sufferings which attended his old age, the Duc de Broglie remained to the last true to the ideals of a literary worker. His last contribution to history, a study on the establishment of Belgian neutrality, appeared by instalments in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* during the last twelvemonth.

One of his sons, Emmanuel de Broglie, continues the literary traditions of the family, and is the author of several valuable works dealing with the men and society of the seventeenth century.

The Vicomte Henri de Bornier, though only four years younger than the Duc de Broglie, reached literary fame much later. He was already fifty years of age when, in 1875, he won with his verse drama, *La Fille de Roland,* the success to which he owed both his reputation and his seat in the Academy. The success of *La Fille de Roland,* greater, perhaps, than the work deserved, was repeated by no other work of his, and he now disappears just in time to make it possible for Edmond Rostand to seek admission in the Academy and test whether the illustrious company is quite ready to open its doors to the ablest author of verse dramas that France has known since Victor Hugo.

Another writer, who at one time ardently wished, but never succeeded, to become one of the Immortals, Jules Barbier, has also just been seized by death. His best-known work is the libretto of *Faust,* which he wrote with Michel Carré, and his most ambitious production a *Jeanne d'Arc,* which was acted first by a sister of Rachel, Lia Félix, and later by no less a person than Sarah Bernhardt herself.

From the dead let us turn now to the living. They have not been inactive during the last weeks. First of all should be mentioned the two admirable political speeches delivered in the Chamber of Deputies on the 21st of January by the Comte Albert de Mun in opposition to, and by Prime Minister Waldeck-Rousseau in support of, the Government bill relating mainly to religious associations. The political question will not be here alluded to; but from a literary and oratorical point of view both speeches are masterpieces, one lofty, stirring, impassioned, the other calm, disdainful of ornaments and mercilessly logical.

Of course, this great contest, fraught with grave consequences not only upon the political, but also upon the moral and religious life of the country, has not failed to call up a great crop of publications having for their object to enlighten or influence the public mind. The Catholic side only has of late been really prolific, and we have no less than three works by Catholic priests to mention this month: *Jésuites,* by Father Du Lac; *Les Missions Catholiques Françaises au XIXe Siècle,* by Abbé J. B. Piolet, and *Dieu et l'Homme,* by Abbé L. Désers.

We do not move very far from the above works when we mention the collection of newspaper articles collected in book form by Jules Lemaître under the suggestive title *Opinions à répandre.*

Lofty philosophical themes are treated in a number of other recent works, the most important of which is a searching analysis of the leading ideas of Hippolyte Taine, *Essai sur Taine, son œuvre et son influence,* by M. Victor Giraud. Another great writer is studied in *Ruskin et la Bible,* by M. H. J. Brunhes, and a general subject, of interest to any living being, in *La Philosophie de la Longévité,* par M. Jean Finot.

The most serious contribution to literary criticism is a collection of the best articles of the well-known Belgian writer Gustave Frédérix, *Trente Ans de Critique.* The work has a very bright preface by Professor Émile Deschanel, who just escaped being murdered in his professorial chair in the Collège de France by a demented female student of his, of Russian nationality, and who was saved only by the heroism of another girl, a friend of the would-be murderess, who threw herself between the pistol and the intended victim, and received a serious wound from the bullet fired at the venerable professor.

We have the usual crop of historical works: *La Duchesse de Berry* (Comte de Chambord's mother), by H. Thizria; *Joséphine répudiée,* by Frédéric Masson; *Les Femmes des Tuileries: Napoléon III.,* a posthumous work of the prolific Imbert

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de Saint-Amand; *Autour de Robespierre: Le Conventionnel le Bas,* by Stéphane Pol; but the most important production relating to history comes to us in the outward shape of a novel. It is the second of the volumes of Paul and Victor Margueritte on the War of 1870-71, *Les Tronçous du Glaive.* It deals mainly with the efforts of Gambetta to overcome the German forces with newly created armies, and is entirely favourable to the great orator and patriot.

In fiction literature proper all that seems to deserve being mentioned is a charming collection of short stories by André Lichtenberger, *Portraits de jeunes Filles;* a novel by Gyp, *Balancez vos Dames,* soon to be followed by another, *La Fée,* and a clever modernisation of the story of *Tristan et Yseut,* by Professor Joseph Bédier.

On the stage a posthumous work by Alphonse Daudet, *La Petite Parvisse,* a dramatisation, made by himself, of one of his last stories.

The readers of THE BOOKMAN will be interested to know that M. Frédéric Loliée, who contributed to this periodical an article on Jeanne Marni, has become literary editor of *Le Siècle.*

Adolphe Cohn.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES

"The Archbishop and the Lady."

It is a difficult matter to find out just what Mrs. Crowninshield had in mind when she wrote *The Archbishop and the Lady.* It presents a heterogeneous mass of material, which spreads over four hundred odd pages of text, and which does not make any distinct impression upon the reader's mind. The story has a foreign setting, and the characters—there are dozens of them—flit about the *Abbaye de Bref.* The *Abbaye* contains a mystery and a house party, and it is the mystery which will make the book read. One wants to know just what all these queer people are up to, and just why certain things happen, although there is no character in the book that is particularly pleasant. The women are mostly spiteful cats, with the exception of Alixe, who excels in all the virtues and who succeeds in winning the love of all the men she meets, but who, in our opinion, is tiresome and unattractive. She is also surrounded with mystery of a lachrymose nature. She has a husband, a half madman, who finally drives her from her home to a convent, at which period in the story the archbishop steps in. Alixe is a Protestant, and the archbishop is determined to make of her a nun, and to secure her fortune for the Holy Church. But there is a certain John Quentin, an American, who visits the *Abbaye,* gets mixed up in the mystery and in everybody else's business, falls in love with Alixe and—wins her on the last page of the book. None of the characters are clearly drawn, and few of the situations are at all probable. Mrs. Crowninshield did some excellent work in her West Indian stories, but in the writing of this book, it would seem that she has wasted her time. (Messrs. McClure, Phillips and Company.)

"Heirs of Yesterday."

In *Heirs of Yesterday* Miss Emma Wolf has written a story of the Jew. In Joseph May she has drawn a vivid picture of a little German Jew, who started life with a pack on his back, and who at the opening of the story is living in affluence and awaiting the home-coming of his only son, Dr. Philip May. The meeting between father and son shows at once the struggle that is to follow. Philip May has studied and travelled and lived with cultured people —people with strong prejudices against the Jew—and he has succeeded in concealing the fact of his Jewish blood. He wanted to be successful socially as well as professionally. In a conversation with his father he says:

> I should say that the Jew, *per se,* has never been given the latch-key to the American Christian heart. At best he is received with a mental reservation. Apparently, practically, we present the magnificent spectacle of a country without racial prejudices. Individually, morally, as the French say, we are very wide of the mark. Why, the mere fact of the restrictions against them at many of the summer resorts throughout the country openly

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bears me out. In short, I have discovered that to be a Jew, turn wheresoever you will, is to be socially handicapped for life.

Philip flatly refuses to join a Jewish club and to mingle with his father's friends. This attitude breaks the heart of the tender old man, and his death is pathetic in the extreme. As the story goes on one sees that the false position which Philip has assumed brings dishonour upon his head and unhappiness in his life. The book is interesting as a social study and because it portrays a beautiful type in Daniel Willard, the lifelong friend of Joseph May. In defending his own people, he says:

> As a race we are what our religion has made us. There is a something in the roots of every one of us, a something which has got implacably mixed with our blood and is inseparable from it, which had made us what we are long before oppression came near us. We cannot separate ourselves from this ancient heredity. The ghettoes were only the great storehouses in which this racial germ was preserved and forced to exotic intensity. Our ethics are our birthright. And whenever a Jew fails to be proud of this birthright it is through cowardice, or ignorance, or both. And whenever a Christian is unjust to a Jew it is through cowardice, or ignorance, or both. . . .

In a foreword to the book Miss Wolf asks this question: "If it takes six generations from the hod or pick and shovel to make a gentleman of an ordinary American, how many generations from the Ghetto does it take to make a gentleman of a Jew?" This question remains unanswered. (Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company.)

"Poverty Knob."

In *Poverty Knob* Sarah Warner Brooks has written seven short stories of the Maine coast and its natives. The author has shown the lack of morals that exists among these primitive people. She has not made them good simply because they live in a rural district; she has taken types as she has seen them in real life. "Among the Maine-coast islands," she remarks, "great elasticity in marital arrangements is permissible." Elkanah, the Maine philosopher and historian, says: "*Morals,* all along shore, is fair to middlin'; but if you want anything downright *pious,* you won't hit it short o' Rockland." He also says that "some sinners is paid off on the spot, an' some hain't got their come-uppins, an' never *will* git 'em in *this* world; an' that, to my mind, is *where hell just comes in slick!*" "The Man on High Island" is the strange tale of a man who wants to get rid of his wife in order to return to another woman. He, therefore, not only ill treated her in the brute's usual way, but contrived to frighten her to death. "He raked up all the creepy stories about the pedler's ghost, an' showed her where his bones was found in Miser Grimes's cellar. . . . He rigged a loose shingle some way with wires till it worked in the wind, an' wailed all night long like a human bein' in distress." Thus, she died by inches, and the husband was beyond the pale of the law. The last story in the collection, "Flotsam of the Line Storm," is also very interesting as an evidence of the tragedies which take place in the commonplace lives of commonplace persons. The flotsam of the line storm is a young and good-looking man, rescued by a Maine fisherman, who has a pretty daughter. The man marries Lucy clandestinely and then deserts her. She keeps her secret; and in order to legalise the child, marries one of her old lovers at once. He is obliged to leave her shortly after the ceremony, and when he returns he finds a child, the wife raving in delirium. When the wife regains consciousness the deceived husband has fled. She lives for her child, and when he is also taken, the weak and erring wife becomes hopelessly insane. The husband returns from sea thirty years later to find a record of Lucy's first marriage. There is much in the story that cannot be spoken of here, but the picture that it gives of a dramatic situation in an every-day Maine atmosphere leaves a strong impression. (A. Wessels Company.)

"Sister's Vocation and Other Girls' Stories."

Under this title Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam has written a collection of stories, short and simple, for young girls. Miss Daskam has an agreeable and unaffected manner of writing of the every-day life of the girl who is not yet "out." In "A Taste of Bohemia" she tells of a young country girl who spends a week in mid-summer with three "studio girls." She contrasts the

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sweet and healthy life of the country with the unhealthy atmosphere of a Bohemian existence, where the girls sleep on Bagdad rugs, depend upon sardines and crackers for their daily food and wash their dishes in the bath-tub. The two stories entitled "A Fair Exchange" and "A Country Cousin" tell of two cousins who exchange their homes for a year, the town-bred girl going to the country and the country girl going to town. Miss Daskam belongs to the younger school of writers. She became known through her *Smith College Stories,* which at once became popular with the college girl. It is pleasant to note that Miss Daskam is gradually making her way up through the clean and wholesome medium of "stories for girls." (Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"Ada Vernham, Actress."

Ada Vernham is a woman with an unmentionable past, a lurid present and a future quite in keeping with a second-rate novelist's idea of a second-rate heroine. Mr. Richard Marsh, the author, has written a book full of action, such as it is. Ada Vernham's past, as we said, should not be mentioned, and the part of it which forms the reason for the story should only be hinted at. As the title indicates, she is an actress, not a great and successful one, but struggling along with a road company. When on the point of starvation she meets a visionary young Bohemian, who has written a play which he feels sure is to be the one great play of the century. He engages Ada Vernham to star in his production, and it is during the rehearsals that the reader is shown the most sordid side of the theatrical profession. It is not until the end of the story that the "first night" occurs, and then, owing to a gruesome experience in the private life of the actress, she goes upon the stage as a madwoman, and through her failure to act ruins the play. Mr. Marsh's opinion of men and women is far below what it should be; but, fortunately, the book is not of sufficient importance to do any harm. (L. C. Page and Company.)

Mr. Frederick Field Bullard, a Boston composer, has set to music many of Mr. Richard Hovey's poems. "The Stein Song" has become very popular among college men.

Nell Gwynn is having a prosperous reign. Now Messrs. Rand, McNally and Company announce the publication of a novel by Hall Downing, entitled *Nell Gwynn of Old Drury: A Romance of King Charles II. and His Court.*

The Macmillan Company announce the immediate publication of *The Stage in America,* by Norman Hapgood. The book treats of the more lasting aspects of the drama, the author omitting mention of plays of ephemeral interest.

The great success of the anonymously published volume *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* has evidently induced the same firm to bring out *The Garden of a Commuter's Wife.* The name of the author of this book is also kept secret.

Mrs. Ida Eckert-Lawrence, a young Western woman, has written a volume of verse, entitled *Day Dreams,* which the Robert Clarke Company, of Cincinnati, published some months ago, and which they now announce as being in the third impression. Mrs. Eckert-Lawrence has had the distinction of being entertained by various women's clubs throughout the country and of having given readings from *Day Dreams* at the Waldorf-Astoria. Who can say that this country does not produce real poets now and then?

The Bowen-Merrill Company are the publishers of two new novels which promise well. *Like Another Helen,* by George Horton, is a stirring romance of the conflict between Greek and Turk. The scene is laid in the island of Crete, a rather unused field in fiction. *The Son of Austerity,* by George Knight, is a book about which there will, doubtless, be a diversity of opinion. It is full of strength and it is full of faults. It has characters that are peculiarly interesting, and it has a style that is often laboured and exaggerated.

Among Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company's forthcoming novels will be Max Pemberton's *Pro Patria,* Amelia E. Barr's *Souls of Passage,* Paul Laurence Dunbar's *The Fanatics,* and Frankfort Moore's *According to Plato.*

Messrs. Callaghan and Company have published *The Constitutional History of the United States, 1765-1895.* The work is in three volumes, and the author is Frances Newton Thorpe, Ph.D.

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HERE AND THERE

I.

Cuba.

In the New York *Press* of January 31 there appeared an editorial article which was remarkable for its force, its cogent reasoning and its common-sense. Under the heading "Let This People Go" it set forth with startling clearness the present duty of the United States toward Cuba, and in doing so it voiced the sentiment of millions of Americans toward what is sometimes called "the Cuban problem." As a matter of fact, there is no Cuban problem; for seldom is the right way made so clear in the sight of any nation as is our path in the matter of Cuba. By the formal action of both houses of Congress, the United States was pledged to recognise the entire independence of the Cuban Republic so soon as the island should be "pacified." That meant that when the Spanish forces should be expelled and when law and order should be restored, the American troops would be withdrawn and the inhabitants of Cuba permitted to establish a government of their own choice. No casuistry nor verbal juggling can twist any other meaning from the Teller resolution, or give any different sense to the word "pacified." The time has, therefore, come for the withdrawal of our garrisons and for the discharge of a solemn obligation voluntarily entered into and proclaimed to all the nations of the earth.

What reason is there for hesitating and for questioning the justice of this assertion? Not one that is consistent with honour, with national self-respect or even with national self-interest. It is urged that the Cubans are not yet fit for self-government, that the majority of them are seditious, anarchical half-breeds, who, if left to themselves, would plunder the rich, breed revolutions and counter-revolutions, and in the end lay waste their native island. Who knows this so clearly as to justify our Government in breaking its plighted word? There is no evidence of it. The Convention which was recently elected by this same majority to draft a constitution was not composed of reprobates and ruffians, but of able, intelligent and earnest men; and the charter which they drew up is one with which no fault can reasonably be found. So far as we have already conceded local self-government to the Cuban people the results have been remarkably encouraging. And besides, in any case, we have given our word, and the island is "pacified."

But there are those who say that an independent Cuba may show ingratitude to the nation that set it free from Spanish cruelty and tyranny; that it may even by treaty with European powers seriously jeopardise our larger interests, and open the door for foreign interference at the very threshold of our territory. Perhaps no weaker plea than this has ever seriously been put forth. Will Cuba be less grateful to us if we scrupulously keep our promises to her in a high-minded, generous, gracious way than she will be if we continue an unwelcome occupation, deny to her those rights to gain which for her was the ostensible motive of our war with Spain, and give as a reason our belief that her inhabitants are lawless and incapable? And as for any treaties with foreign powers that might be inimical to us, does any one suppose that it would be a few stray garrisons of American troops that would prevent this? Hardly. That which both now and in the future must keep all Europe at a distance is a knowledge of the fact that at any moment we could if necessary place a million soldiers on Cuban soil to keep our interests inviolate. We have everything to gain by honesty and everything to lose by sophistry. The hour has struck when our flag should cease to float over an inch of Cuban territory, and when it should be furled with honour, because as a people we are strong and generous and wish to see no taint upon the national escutcheon.

It is possible that the Administration is on the verge of a terrible mistake. In the last election, men of all parties stood by President McKinley in the matter of the Philippines, because they honestly believed that the sad condition of affairs in those islands was due to inexorable circumstances whose results no wisdom could possibly have foreseen. If any one had blundered, it was the whole American people, and it was, at any rate, an honest

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blunder. But with Cuba the case is very different. Our countrymen do not wish a second legacy of jungle-fighting, of petty warfare, of inglorious killing carried on against a race whom we are bound by every tie of honour to leave to its own devices. Americans are not willing that their country should play in Cuba the part that England has played in Egypt, nor to give the world a chance to cry out the bitter taunt which mocks at "Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy." If the would-be concessionaires, the contract-jobbers and the seekers for territorial office should bedevil the present Administration into an act of plain dishonour, then it will blacken the record of its brilliant past and drag down to political ruin the party which has twice established it in power.

II.

Queen Victoria.

It is much too soon for any one to write of Queen Victoria in the impartial spirit of the philosophical historian; nor, indeed, is it likely that there will ever be set down an accurate and searching estimate of the part which she really played in the great events of her long and glorious reign. In all probability the anecdotes and incidents with which the press has of late been filled are little better than mere myths. Royalty is a sort of cult, perhaps even more in these days than in the days gone by; and its secrets are well kept. The few persons who actually *know* will never tell, for they are themselves an integral part of the whole system, and so their connivance in the fabrication of all sorts of pleasing legends is not only a pious duty, but a matter of self-interest as well. All that can be said with certainty regarding the late Queen may be summed up in this: that it was her good fortune to have reigned at a time when the energies of her people found full expression in every sphere of intellectual and material activity, and hence to have given her name to an era of marvellous achievement.

What strikes one very forcibly in thinking over the subject of Great Britain's reigning house is the curious anomaly to be found in the fact that a people so intensely national and so contemptuously anti-foreign as the English should be governed by a line of sovereigns who are quite un-English. The royal family of Great Britain is, indeed, entirely German in blood, in appearance and in personal tastes. It is understood that during the late Queen's lifetime German was the language used by her in her private intercourse with her immediate household; and the present King has all the guttural enunciation of the true Hanoverian. And why not? His ancestors on both sides and for many generations were thoroughly German. George II. spoke English very badly; George I. could not speak or understand it at all. In order to find anything like British blood in Edward VII.'s pedigree one must go back several centuries to the House of Stuart—which was Scotch—or, still further, to the House of Tudor—which was Welsh—or to the House of Plantagenet—which was Norman-French. It is a curious instance of the irony of history that the English people, of all others, should be ruled by foreigners!

H. T. P.

A CHRONICLE OF OUR OWN TIMES

JANUARY 1—FEBRUARY 10, 1901.

CONGRESS.

During the national campaign, journals gifted with the power of prophecy foretold that as soon as Congress met action would be taken to reduce the representation of those Southern States that had curtailed by constitutional amendment their negro vote. A resolution to this end was offered on *January 3*, but its only effect was to adjourn the House. A bill was then introduced to "leave things as they were," but this also was defeated, and on *January 8* the House voted to increase its membership from 357 to 386. It was felt that to reduce the representation of any State would precipitate a debate on sectional lines, that a just reapportionment would be a very difficult affair, and that in any event more seats were better politics than less seats. In

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these views the Senate concurred on *January 11.*

On *January 22* the Senate ratified the treaty with Spain, buying for $100,000 the islands of Cagayan and Cibitu and other smaller ones lying outside of the limits described by the treaty of Paris. On the same day the Senate ratified the appointment of Justice Harlan's son as attorney-general of Puerto Rico. This appointment, as also that of Justice McKenna's son as inspector-general of Puerto Rico, was much criticised. While it was not claimed that these crumbs of patronage from the Presidential table would affect the decision of the Supreme Court, it was felt that the making of the appointments at the time when the constitutional status of Puerto Rico was pending, was a distinct breach of official good manners. On *February 6* night sessions were begun in the Senate with the hope of forcing to a passage the bill subsidising American vessels engaged in foreign trade. Later, however, it was said that as these evening meetings appeared merely to consolidate the opposition, the Senate would confine itself to matinée sessions. On *February 7* attention was called in the Senate to the fact that the appropriation bills would probably foot up to seven hundred and eighty million dollars, or some forty million more than those of the preceding year. This would make the total appropriations made by the Fifty-sixth congress somewhat over fifteen hundred million dollars.

ARMY REORGANISATION.

The Army Reorganisation Bill, which, for campaign reasons, had been left pending at the adjournment of Congress in 1900, was made the unfinished business—that is, the special business—of the Senate on *January 3.* An amendment continuing the army "canteen" was lost on *January 9.* The "canteen" provision allowed the sale of beer and wines to soldiers on the army posts, this being thought by officers preferable to their drinking whiskey outside the posts in the company of "sharks." But so much opposition developed against "Schlitz beer following the flag," that Congress was constrained to refuse the maxim its sanction.

On *January 11* the Senate tabled, or politely rejected, an amendment offered by Senator Hoar directing the suspension of aggressive hostilities in the Philippines until a delegation of Filipino leaders had had opportunity to be heard in their own cause in Washington.

On *January 18* the Senate passed the Army Bill, which then went to a conference committee of the two Houses. At this conference honours were, as usual, with the Senate, except that the Houses' provision, organising the artillery into a corps, with a field and seacoast division, prevailed. On *January 31* the bill as amended was passed. By it the strength of the army was permanently fixed at 58,000, with an increase, however, of 40,000 during the present "hard times" of the service. The staff force was greatly increased, the number of major-generals was placed at six, and the grade of lieutenant-general was revived. Under this bill the President on *February 5* nominated General Miles to be lieutenant-general, confirmed General McArthur as commander of the Division of the Philippines, and made General Chaffee a major-general. These appointments, especially the first, were said to have been vehemently objected to by the army staff, who had for a long time been planning to seize "the seats of the mighty." By the Army Bill volunteer officers with military experience prior to 1898 were permitted to be promoted to captaincies over the heads of regulars. On *February 9,* however, Secretary Root stated that the War Department would not avail itself of this Congressional permit.

SENATORIAL ELECTIONS.

On *January 15* Matthew S. Quay was elected Senator from Pennsylvania for the term ending March 3, 1905. When, two years ago, the Legislature adjourned deadlocked, a commission was made out for Mr. Quay by Governor Stone, on the ground that a vacancy had *happened* during a recess of the Legislature. The Senate, on April 24, 1900, rejected this interpretation of the Constitution by a vote of 33 to 32, and it was then thought that Mr. Quay was politically dead. Mr. Quay's present election was due to the fact that seven men who had agreed over their signatures to vote against him voted for him. The press, in commenting upon his securing the senatorial prize, thought that it much resembled the way in which in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* Legree got possession of Emmeline. The benevolent gentleman, it will be remembered, joined in the bidding for the pretty girl, but his passions were not involved, and he was soon outdone by Legree's superior "obstinacy and *concealed* length of purse."

On *January 15* the Massachusetts Legislature re-elected George F. Hoar to the Senate. Mr. Hoar was in the House of Representatives from 1869 to 1877, and has been from that time on a member of the Senate. His re-election

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seemed to show that Massachusetts had no wish to break with her long-established precedent of sending to the Senate statesmen of proved integrity and ability.

On *January 16* Mr. Clark, of Montana, who had been debarred from the Senate by reason of the financial transactions involved in his election, and who had then presented to the Senate a commission from the acting governor of the State, and had in this way worked up a curious constitutional tangle, persuaded the Legislature to cut the knot of his contrivance by returning him to the Senate in a formal and regular manner. Mr. Clark was quoted, about the same time, as felicitating Mr. Quay upon his election in Pennsylvania. Under the circumstances this congratulation savoured rather of self-defence than of ingenuous kindliness.

On *February 8* the Union-Republicans, or Addicks faction, of the Legislature of Delaware, declined a proposition of the regular Republicans to combine on compromise candidates. The Addicks men agreed to help elect any man selected by the regulars for the short Senatorial term, provided that their own candidate was elected for the long term. As the election of Addicks was precisely the point at issue, Delaware appeared likely to remain unrepresented in the Senate.

CUBAN AFFAIRS.

On *January 21* the central committee of the Cuban Convention presented to the Convention for discussion and amendment the first draft of the constitution. Up to February 10, however, the only important change made by the Convention was one on *January 30* providing for universal suffrage. As it stands, the constitution is similar to that of the United States—with the exception that the Cuban constitution does not once mention the United States; and so does not "define the relations which the United States is to bear to Cuba," as directed by the Administration. Of senators, Cuba is to have six from each of the six provinces of the island, elected for six years. Representatives are to be chosen for four years, one for every twenty-five thousand inhabitants. While the provinces are to have governors and assemblies, less wide legislative power is given to them than to our States, and sovereignty proper is vested only in the Cuban Republic. An interesting grant to the Cuban Congress permits it to regulate the postal and telegraphic services and the railroads. Another feature of the constitution, seeming to show that the Cubans have been students of American history, directs that the president shall be elected by a direct popular vote. Except for obligations incurred in furtherance of the revolution against Spain, the constitution repudiates any and all debts contracted prior to the promulgation of the constitution.

When it was noised about in the United States that the Cuban constitution provided for "a sovereign and independent State," in whose Congress, and none other, was to be vested the power of making wars and treaties, regulating commerce, domestic and foreign, and maintaining naval and military forces, the debate, already eager, as to "what the United States was going to do about it," took on a new and strenuous vitality. On the one hand it was argued that political inexperience and universal suffrage in the hands of people of Spanish, Cuban and negro blood was not conducive to the stability of a republic; also, that France and other European powers might, if Cuba were left unprotected, come down on her for payment of some $455,000,000 in "Cuban bonds," issued by Spain for the subjugation of Cuba; and finally, that Cuba and the United States "were, and of a right ought to be," commercially and politically related. On the other hand it was stated that the Central and Southern American republics are chronic sufferers from all the political ills that States are heir to, but that the United States has not, on that account, established protectorates over them. Furthermore, the United States had expressly disclaimed any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over Cuba, and by that promise it was bound. The Administration section of the press admitted the necessity of keeping the national faith, but thought that by the exercise of tact, the pledge to Cuba could, without injury to any one concerned, be "bent."

PHILIPPINE AFFAIRS.

On *January 10* a petition, perfervid but sincere, was submitted to the Senate, signed by 2006 Filipinos. The petition demanded independence for the Philippines on the ground that the revolution was an uprising of the whole people, who were determined upon freedom and able to govern themselves; that the inherent antagonism of the Eastern and the Western mind made the juxtaposition of the two races a political impossibility and a sociological absurdity; and that the Filipinos were "ready to sacrifice their whole existence in order to realise their just aspirations." The anti-imperialistic press saw in this petition

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certification for all their editorial Philippine-policy carpings; while the Administration press said that all such petitions were "fakes" *de natura,* especially when they came from the East. On *January 28* a despatch was presented to Congress from the Federal party in Manila stating that thousands of natives were joining that party, whose platform is based on American sovereignty, and that the President, in order to hasten peace and establish confidence, should be given authority to establish without delay a purely civil government. The anti-Administration press perceived at a glance that the Federal party was a most palpable sham. The imperialistic press considered it worthy of every confidence.

On *January 25* the President transmitted to the Senate a detailed report of the Philippine Commission, dated November 30, 1900, and recommended Congress to enact such legislation as would assist "the peaceful industrial development" of the islands. The legislation desired was believed to be the passage of the Spooner Bill, authorising the President to establish, in his discretion, complete civil government in the Philippines. The report of the commission included a "gratifying account of the progress made in the pacification of the country, and the gradual subsidence of guerilla warfare." "A great majority of the people," the commission stated, "long for peace, and are entirely willing to accept the establishment of a government under the supremacy of the United States." At the same time, so inconsistent is human society, that "any one suspected of giving information to the Americans concerning the insurgents is immediately marked for assassination. It is Mafia on a very large scale." In respect to the progress of civil government, the commission reported that the masses of the people are ignorant, credulous and childlike, and that a restricted electoral suffrage was necessary. The municipal government acts of the commission, under which 305 communities had been organised, had not worked satisfactorily, and a new act was shortly to be promulgated. This act was passed on *January 31,* and an amendment to it disqualified from holding office any one acting in opposition to the United States after April 1. The commission also recommended that ten regiments of native auxiliary troops be raised, commanded by American officers. This recommendation was approved by Congress in the Army Reorganisation Act, passed *January 31.*

As presented by the Commission, the problem of the friars in the Philippines rivals the puzzle of "pigs in clover," and has a better claim to the title. The property rights of the friars are protected by the treaty of Paris. The natives, for good cause, find the friars insufferable. They are complained of for immorality, for non-payment of taxes on more than 400,000 acres of land, and more especially because they wielded the political power of Spain and represent her *régime.* Spanish officials came and went, but the friars stayed on, and built up village despotisms. The revolution against Spain began as a protest against the friars; the natives believed them to be "at the bottom of all Spanish iniquity," and if now they be reinstated by the Americans, it will be as if General Weyler were returned to Cuba. The commission suggested as the only solution of the problem in sight that the friars be bought out. This might be accomplished if the United States would guarantee bonds to be issued by the Insular Government to the extent of, perhaps, $20,000,000. After acquiring the lands the Insular Government could then resell them in small lots to the natives and present tenants.

The commission thought that this purchase and sale would be very popular in the Philippines. Its popularity in this country is not so assured.

TRADE MOVEMENTS.

During the first few weeks of the year several large combinations were projected or effected.

On *January 5* it was announced that the Central Railroad of New Jersey had passed to the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. Both of these roads are anthracite coal carriers, hauling between them nearly one-third of the anthracite output. The Jersey Central runs from Jersey City to Wilkesbarre and Scranton, and the Reading from Philadelphia and Atlantic City to Hazelton and Harrisburg. A deal between the Reading and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was promised as a sensation of the near future.

On *February 1* announcement was made that the Union Pacific Railroad had acquired by "benevolent assimilation" the entire Southern Pacific Railway system. The main lines of the Southern Pacific extend from New Orleans to San Francisco, and from there to Portland, Oregon, and Ogden, Utah. The total mileage of the road is 7614 miles, and in addition it controls steamship lines from San Francisco to the Orient, and from New York to New Orleans. The Union Pacific has lines from Council Bluffs, Iowa, to Ogden, Utah,

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from Denver to Kansas City, and from Ogden to Portland, Oregon. Its total mileage is 8157 miles.

Announcement was made on *February 6* that negotiations were practically complete for the sale, by Andrew Carnegie, of his controlling interest in the Carnegie Steel Company. It was believed that all the great steel companies—Federal Steel, National Steel, American Steel and Wire, National Tube, American Tin-plate, and others—inspired by the fear of competition, which is the mother of commercial wisdom, had united in the enterprise of placing under one management, with Mr. Carnegie left out, the steel and allied industries of the country. Such a colossal combination, involving a capitalisation of about a billion dollars, would satisfy the dearest dreams of the Socialists—were they stockholders. When, after a few days, the deal did not appear to be "nailed," it was thought that a slight hitch must have arisen over the price acceptable to Mr. Carnegie for his properties.

The preliminary trade statistics for 1900, which appeared on *February 9,* showed that the United States had gained first place in the export trade of the world. Great Britain was second, and Germany third. The average per cent. of increase for the preceding five years was: The United States 47, Germany 25, and Great Britain 21 per cent.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Queen Victoria was first reported seriously ill on *January 16.* From that time on, practically no hope was entertained of her recovery. On *January 22* she died. Tributes to the nobility of her life and the disinterestedness and astuteness of her counsels were sent from every part of the world. On *January 23* the Privy Council and the members of Parliament swore allegiance to Edward VII., and on *January 24,* in accordance with olden customs, the king was proclaimed by Norroy, king-at-arms, in the quaint form following:

WHEREAS, it has pleased Almighty God to call to His mercy our late Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria of blessed and glorious memory, by whose decease the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is solely and rightfully come to the high and mighty Prince Albert Edward.

We, therefore, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of this Realm, being here assisted with these of her late Majesty's Privy Council, with numbers of other principal gentlemen of quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and citizens of London, do now, hereby, with one voice and consent of tongue and heart, publish and proclaim that the high and mighty Prince Albert Edward is now, by the death of our late Sovereign of happy memory, become our only lawful and rightful liege lord, Edward VII., by the Grace of God, King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, to whom we do acknowledge all faith and constant obedience with all hearty and humble affection, beseeching God, by whom all Kings and Queens do reign, to bless the Royal Prince Edward VII. with long and happy years to reign over us.

The pageant of the Queen's funeral on *February 2* was attended by some forty of the kings, princes, and princesses of Europe. On *February 4* the Queen's body was interred at Frogmore.

Affairs in South Africa were not encouraging to the British arms during the first six weeks of the year. In several raids by the Boers the British lost heavily, and General Kitchener was said to have had his hands full in protecting Cape Colony from Boer invasion. On *February 6* the War Office announced that thirty thousand additional troops would be sent from England to the front. But a different method of ending hostilities was suggested on *February 8,* when it was unofficially stated that King Edward had instituted measures to send to the Boers a special peace embassy, headed by General Sir Evelyn Wood.

During the first week in January it became known that Russia had acquired control over the province of Manchuria, in China. The London *Spectator,* in commenting upon the surprise which the announcement caused in this country after Russia's repeated assertions that she had nothing to gain from the present trouble in China, said: "Apparently the public in America really believed that Russia wanted the same thing as America—that is, no territory, but merely the right to trade freely with an independent China. Russia wants and means to have open ports in the Far East, and also the territories through which the Trans-Asian Railway must run, and, therefore, any professions inconsistent with these aims should always be ignored."

On *January 10* it was announced that the United States had withdrawn her proposal for the transfer of a part of the Chinese negotiations to Washington or to some European capital and placing them in the hands of an international commission. Japan protested against the plan on the ground that the Chinese plenipotentiaries were required in China for the preservation of order.

On *January 14* Prince Ching and Li Hung Chang, peace plenipotentiaries for the Em-

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peror, signed the preliminary joint note of the Powers, without which the ministers declined to discuss the terms for the settlement of the Chinese trouble.

On *January 15* the military commanders of the Powers organised a judicial system in Pekin.

The most important measure submitted by the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry to the French parliament, which convened on *January 8,* was the so-called Associations Bill, aimed directly though not expressly at the monastic orders of the clergy. The ministry asserts that these orders are endeavoring to resurrect the monarchy, that their teachings are inimical to the state, and that they are formidable through their wealth and numbers. The act provides for the elimination of every association, membership in which entails renunciation of natural individual rights, or whose purpose is contrary to morality and public order. The Pope entered a protest against the measure, to which M. Waldeck-Rousseau replied on *January 14,* that "the whole temporal power is in the hands of the State, and it is not for the Pope to interfere." The ultimate passage of the measure appeared to be assured by a vote on the same day of 310 to 110 supporting the government.

At Sydney, on *January 1,* the Earl of Hopetoun was inaugurated governor-general of the Australian Commonwealth, which came into existence on that day. Congratulatory messages were received from the Queen and from the British Government. On *January 17* the premier, Mr. Edmund Barton, outlined in a speech at Sydney the policy of the government. The ministry believed that the capital should be kept distant from both Melbourne and Sydney in order to avoid lobbying and local interests. The commonwealth would not offer England a preferential duty on goods, or at least to such an extent as was done by Canada. Legislation would be introduced to purchase for the state existing railroads, to build a transcontinental railroad, to institute compulsory labor arbitration, to exclude Asiatics, and to bring about woman suffrage. In this radical legislative programme one seemed to recognise the breezy and buoyant confidence of one of the Western States of America.

On *February 7* Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands, married Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, a member of one of the oldest reigning houses in Europe. The Dutch Parliament authorised the marriage, and naturalised the suitor, but declined to give him the title of Prince Consort, or to make him an allowance. The Queen, however, subsidised the duke to the extent of the interest on fifty million guilders ($2,000,000).

Venezuela, as represented by its dictator, President Castro, has troubles of its own. President Castro spent a large part of January in fighting the revolutionists in the eastern part of the country, and early in February it was reported that ex-President Andrade was in Cuba gathering a filibustering expedition wherewith to drive him from the country. Yet, notwithstanding these pressing domestic engagements, President Castro found time to declare forfeit a concession given to the New York and Bermudez Company allowing it to work the asphalt deposits in the State of Sucré. Later, he sold one of the deposits in question to the Quinlan, Sullivan and Warner Company, also an American concern. The Venezuelan Supreme Court thought that the case should be given to it for decision, but President Castro claimed precedence, and insisted upon seeing the matter through in his own way. Representations to Washington by the Bermudez Company resulted in the meeting in Venezuelan waters of the *Hartford, Buffalo,* and *Scorpion,* eager to render "moral support" to the litigants in the asphalt fields three hundred miles inland. At last accounts it was reported that President Castro, besieged on all sides by dangers and discomfitures, had ordered his navy—George Gould's yacht *Atlanta,* made over—to be held in readiness to bear him to less contentious climes.

Mansfield Allan.

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THE BOOK MART

THE ARNOLD SALES.

The sale of the first editions of American authors belonging to Mr. William Harris Arnold, which took place at Bangs's on January 30 and 31, was a success or a failure according as it is looked upon from the point of view of the seller or the buyer. The result must have been very satisfactory to Mr. Arnold, as well as to every owner of books of this character, or, indeed, of rare books of any kind. The collector who frequents the auction room with the hope of "picking up" rare books at low prices must, however, have been much disappointed at this sale. While a number of private buyers were in attendance, the books were, for the most part, bought by three or four dealers.

The collection included first editions of the writings of Bryant, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Thoreau and Whittier, and books to which they contributed, and as such was the finest collection ever disposed of at auction. New records of price were made upon almost all of the rarer items.

Mr. Arnold has been collecting less than six years. He did not begin until after the Foote sale of American first editions, which took place in the fall of 1894. The Montgomery sale, in May, 1895, was one of the first auction sales at which he made purchases. There, in the opinion of the "experts" in the auction room, he showed his inexperience by paying $18 for a copy of the first edition of Holmes's *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table,* a then unheard-of price for the book. After buying it he inserted the last stanza of "The Chambered Nautilus," in Holmes's autograph, an item which can be bought for $10, and the volume with this inserted, brought $35 at his sale. Mr. Arnold has the keenest of collecting instincts, though he did not generally haunt the old book-stalls in basements and stairways, with the idea of picking up books for nothing. He was willing to pay good prices for rarities of the first class in fine condition. He, no doubt, sometimes paid what were high prices at the time, but the sale shows ample profits on most items and the results have verified his judgment. He has been good enough to refer to his bills and give us the sums which he paid for a few of the most interesting items of the sale.

Bryant's *Embargo,* second edition, 1809, cost him $14. It was probably then unbound. Bound in straight-grained morocco, as sold, it brought $39.

Emerson's lecture, *Man the Reformer,* London, 1841, a poorly printed pamphlet, cost him $5. It sold for $30.

The manuscript of Emerson's "Threnody," fourteen pages, was bought at auction in Boston less than a year ago for $24. It sold for $300.

Emerson's *Poems,* 1847, in the original boards, part of label restored, cost him $20. It sold for $30.

The volume of *Oversongs,* being a series of poems specially written on the occasion of a wedding, containing a poem by Emerson, was bought in the Roos sale in Boston in 1897 for $12 by a firm of booksellers who sold it to Mr. Arnold for $14.40. They bought it back again in this sale for $40.

Hawthorne's first book, *Fanshawe,* 1828, was bought about five years ago for $200. It sold for $410. His second book, *Peter Parley's Universal History,* 1837, cost Mr. Arnold $17.50. It sold for $100.

Of Hawthorne's little children's books, *Grandfather's Chair* cost $23.10 and sold for $60; *Famous Old People* cost $21 and sold for $45; *Liberty Tree* cost $22 and sold for $48.

Holmes's *Poems,* London, 1846, a presentation copy to Dr. Morton, cost $8.25. It sold for $47.

Longfellow's *Outre Mer,* two parts as first published, in the original paper covers, the only copy known in this condition, cost Mr. Arnold $60. It brought $310. This same copy originally belonged to Mr. Christian P. Roos, who sold it to Mr. Arnold through a bookseller. Mr. Roos had picked up the two parts separately. Together they cost him $14.

Longfellow's *Ballads,* 1842, a very fine copy, in the original boards, with label, cost $28.60. It sold for $54. *The Spanish Student,* in similar condition, which cost $15.75, brought $47.50. *Evangeline,* in the original boards, but not a fine copy, cost $55. It brought $91.

The copy of Longfellow's *Noel* was sold about a year ago at an auction sale held by a house who generally deals only in furniture and bric-à-brac. It was bound in with some French reading books by Souvestre and About, and the volume brought $2. The booksellers who bought it sold it to Mr. Arnold for $30, and he had it bound at an expense of $5. It brought $55 at his sale.

The copy of Maria Lowell's *Poems,* only fifty copies privately printed, cost $57. It brought $90.

Lowell's *Commemoration Ode,* 1865, privately printed and a presentation copy, cost $50. It brought $220.

Lowell's lecture, *Democracy,* delivered in Birmingham October 6, 1884, a copy printed in London in large type, apparently for Lowell's use in delivering the lecture, together with a copy of the first published edition, printed in Birmingham, were bought at auction in Boston in 1896 at a cost of $16 for the two. They sold for $180, the author's private issue, which is, perhaps, unique, selling for $70 (as such things go this was one of the cheapest books of the sale) and the published edition for $110. A copy of the latter sold in Boston in 1896 for $4.

Thoreau's *Week on the Concord and Merrimack,* his first book, a beautiful copy, cost $13.50. It sold for $52.50. *Walden,* the author's second book, cost $10. It sold for $30.

Whittier's *Moll Pitcher,* for which Mr. Arnold paid $160 at the McKee sale in November, brought $200. *Mogg Megone,* a clean and good copy of a scarce little book, cost $27.50. It sold for $55. The large-paper copy of *Snow Bound,* one of fifty printed, but stained, cost $5.50. It sold for $28.

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It is not probable that all items showed an equal percentage of profit—some, we know, sold at a loss—but the total, no doubt, shows a handsome profit, and proves again that rare books—that is, the *right* books—bought judiciously and sold judiciously, are a good investment.

The second portion of Mr. Arnold's library will be sold at auction in April. It will consist mainly of first editions of English poets, both early and more modern authors, with some other books and some manuscripts.

Among the early English books the most important is a copy of the first edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost,* in the original sheep binding. Another most interesting item is the copy of Chapman's *Homer,* which belonged to Coleridge, and contains many notes in his handwriting. Coleridge gave it to Miss Hutchinson, sister of Wordsworth's wife, and on her death it passed into the possession of Wordsworth.

Of books with an eighteenth-century date, probably the most important is a copy of one of the three small octavo editions of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village,* published in 1770.

Of modern first editions, the collection of works of the two Brownings is the most important ever offered at auction. It includes *Pauline,* Robert Browning's first book, in the original boards, uncut, with label, and *The Battle of Marathon,* Mrs. Browning's first book, privately printed by her father. These two are among the most difficult to secure of modern books.

There are also proof sheets, with corrections, of two of Browning's books, *Dramatis Personæ* and *The Ring and the Book,* the latter accompanied by a long letter regarding it. There are presentation copies of two books by Mrs. Browning and a copy of the excessively rare first edition of her famous sonnets, afterward published as *Sonnets from the Portuguese.* No copy of this book, the history of which is most interesting, has ever been offered at auction before either in this country or England.

There is a set of Keats, *Endymion* and *Lamia,* being in boards, uncut. The *Poems* is a shabby copy, but the unsatisfactory condition is more than made up for by the presentation inscription in the poet's autograph on the title-page.

The only Shelley of much consequence is a copy of *Adonais,* the Pisa edition of 1821, in the original paper cover, uncut.

Among the more modern books will be offered a full set of the publications of the Kelmscott press, including one trial leaf, all ever printed, of a proposed edition of Shakespeare. The single proof sheet here offered is said to be the only impression preserved.

Luther S. Livingston.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, February 1, 1901.

Publications during January did not compare favourably with those of the same month in recent years either as to numbers or importance. This was particularly noticeable in the list of fiction, where *Herod,* by Stephen Phillips, was the only title having any considerable sale. Miscellaneous works, while more numerous, included but few of special interest.

The month's business, however, as a whole proved very satisfactory, the demand for the popular fiction of the fall season continuing in a marked degree. There was also an exceptionally good library trade, which included all departments of literature. The spring season in text books also opened well, and the outlook generally for the coming months is encouraging.

Alice of Old Vincennes showed increasing popularity and is now the leading novel of the day. *Eben Holden* still continues its remarkable sale, and *Eleanor, In the Palace of the King, An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* and *Richard Yea-and-Nay* are all selling readily.

The dramatisation of popular books resulting in an increased demand for the respective works may be mentioned. *In the Palace of the King, Unleavened Bread, When Knighthood Was in Flower, David Harum* and *Janice Meredith* are all at present being played in New York theatres. *L'Aiglon,* both in the original and translation also, is much called for.

The interest in subjects outside of fiction is rather light, and but few titles are meeting with any considerable sale. The most acceptable at present include *Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks,* by A. V. G. Allen; *Oliver Cromwell,* by John Morley; *Life and Letters of Thomas H. Huxley,* and *Paul Jones,* by A. C. Buell. The death of Queen Victoria will undoubtedly encourage the publication of numerous sketches and biographies of her. Of those now to be had, *The Private Life of Queen Victoria* is the most salable.

With the close of the holiday season several lines of goods are much less salable, notably 16mos and 12mos, illustrated editions and juveniles. On the other hand, out-door books, European guide books and paper-bound literature may be expected to show renewed activity in the near future.

While publications for the month past, as noted above, were light, the spring season promises to bring forth a goodly number of new works, judging by announcements already made, and from these may be selected *The Sacred Fount,* by Henry James; *The Crisis,* by Winston Churchill; *Babs, the Impossible,* by Sarah Grand, and *Old Bowen's Legacy,* by E. A. Dix, as likely to have large sales.

The question of discount from the publishers' advertised prices remains in as unsatisfactory a condition as ever, and as yet no practical solution of the difficulty has been offered. The Publishers' Association, which has had the subject under consideration for some time, it is stated, will shortly make a report, which will no doubt be of much interest to the trade generally.

The following list contains the most salable books during January in their order of popularity, and is composed entirely of fiction:

Alice of Old Vincennes. By M. Thompson. $1.50.
Eben Holden. By I. A. Bacheller. $1.50.
Eleanor. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $1.50.

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In the Palace of the King. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.
An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. $1.50.
Richard Yea-and-Nay. By Maurice Hewlett. $1.50.
The Sky Pilot. By Ralph Connor. $1.25.
Billy Baxter's Letters. By W. J. Kountz, Jr. 75 cents.
When Knighthood Was in Flower. By Edward Caskoden. $1.50.
To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
Quincy Adams Sawyer. By C. F. Pidgin. $1.50.
The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. By H. Harland. $1.50.
Stringtown on the Pike. By John Uri Lloyd. $1.50.
Monsieur Beaucaire. By Booth Tarkington. $1.25.
The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, February 1, 1901.

Business during the opening month of the new year was, upon the whole, not unsatisfactory, and even decidedly encouraging if taken as an augury of what is to come later. The volume of trade was quite up to the average, and the demand, although it did not present many features of especial interest, was brisk right through the month, and absorbed a lot of staple stock. Popular novels went moderately well only, and the leaders in this class—that is, the first half dozen or so—were not quite so far removed from the rest in respect to numbers sold as has been the custom lately. Library trade, always good at this season, was especially lively, and, as always in January, very general in its character. Country business was also brisk, the orders received indicating a desire on the part of the smaller bookseller to stock up pretty liberally.

Eben Holden and *Alice of Old Vincennes* again took precedence in actual sale, but considered in comparison to December sales, such books as *Stringtown on the Pike, In the Palace of the King, Eleanor, The Master Christian, The Cardinal's Snuff-Box* and *Uncanonised* made quite as good a showing, and these titles should do well during the coming months.

January is about the quietest month of the year for new publications, and practically no work of popular interest appeared. Most of the books which are expected to take a prominent place in spring sales are scheduled for next month, and in the meantime publishers are pushing fairly vigorously the books which made their mark last year.

The honours of the month belong, perhaps, to *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters,* decidedly the most talked-of book to-day, and Rostand's new play, *L'Aiglon,* this last named having met with a very large sale for a work of its class, almost as good in fact as did the author's famous *Cyrano de Bergerac.*

The best selling books during January were:
Eben Holden. By Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
Alice of Old Vincennes. By Maurice Thompson. $1.50.
L'Aiglon (French and English editions). By Edmond Rostand. $1.50.
Eleanor. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $1.50.
To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
In the Palace of the King. By Marion Crawford. $1.50.
The Last Years of the Nineteenth Century. By Mrs. E. W. Latimer. $2.50.
The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.
Stringtown on the Pike. By J. U. Lloyd. $1.50.
An Englishwoman's Love-Letters (all editions).
David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. $1.50.
Uncanonised. By Margaret Horton Potter. $1.50.
The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. By Henry Harland. $1.50.
Monsieur Beaucaire. By Booth Tarkington. $1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER.

DECEMBER 13, 1900, TO JANUARY 19, 1901.

After a very trying year, fraught with many disappointments and much complaining, the closing weeks which formed the Christmas season came as a solatium to the trade. Busy as that time generally is, the pressure commenced somewhat earlier than is customary, and it soon became apparent that we were in for a record run. Not for a number of years have we experienced such a demand for literature of every class, and every branch of the trade had to exert itself to the utmost in order to successfully cope with it.

With the passing of the Festival, a period of comparative slackness has ensued, but a very fair amount of trade has been transacted throughout the present month. Events still stimulate an interest in connection with the South African campaign. *The Great Boer War,* by Conan Doyle; *How we Escaped from Pretoria,* by Captain Haldane, and several of the more popular works in connection with the subject have experienced a ready sale. *An Absent-Minded War* moves as briskly as ever, and *From Boer to Boer and Englishman,* by Paul Botha, has been eagerly sought after, and has, according to the daily press, considerably exercised the mind of the ubiquitous De Wet.

The output of 6*s.* novels during the past month has been very limited, the most noticeable being *A Missing Hero,* by Mrs. Alexander; *The Wastrel,* by Mary A. Dickens; *In the Name of a Woman,* by A. W. Marchmont; and *Eben Holden,* by Irving Bacheller. The most popular continue to be *The Master Christian, Rue with a Difference* and *In the Palace of the King.* In biography, *Napoleon: The Last Phase,* continues to be foremost, while *Cromwell,* by Morley; *Life of Earl Roberts,* and *The Life of Irene Petrie,* by Mrs. Carus Wilson, have been very popular.

An Englishwoman's Love-Letters has proved one of the leading features of the season, over 25,000 copies having been disposed of. It is

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pleasing also to see that a hearty reception is being given by the public to the works of our standard authors—Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott—more especially in the new issues, such as the New Century Library, and the New Pocket Edition and New Border Edition of the Waverley novels.

Good sales have been effected in many of the annuals, the *Daily Mail Year Book* having proved an immense success, while our old friends, *Whitaker* and *Hazell*, well maintain their position.

Among the magazines several new arrivals deservedly claim our attention—the *Ladies' Magazine*, the *Twentieth Century*, and the *Thrush*. The latter is somewhat unique in that it caters solely for the poetical taste of the public.

Subjoined is our list of the best selling books during the past month:

The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)

Rue with a Difference. By Rosa N. Carey. 6s. (Macmillan.)

In the Palace of the King. By F. M. Crawford. 6s. (Macmillan.)

An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. 5s. net. (J. Murray.)

Richard Yea-and-Nay. By Maurice Hewlett. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Isle of Unrest. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Emma Marshall. By Beatrice Marshall. 6s. (Seeley.)

Irene Petrie. By Mrs. Carus Wilson. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Eleanor. By Mrs. H. Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Herod. By Stephen Phillips. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

JANUARY 10 TO FEBRUARY 10.

NEW YORK.

Abbey Press:
- Through Stress and Storm. Gregory Brooke.
- Sweetbriar. L. M. Elshemus.
- A Quaker Scout. N. P. Runyan.
- How to Enjoy Matrimony. Rose Marie.

American Book Company:
- Outlines of Roman History. William C. Morey, Ph.D.
- Easy Steps in Latin. Mary Hammer.
- Syntax of Classical Greek. Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve.

Andrews, Charles M.:
- The North Americans of Yesterday. Frederick S. Dellenbaugh.
- The Laws of Scientific Hand Reading. William G. Benham.
- In Scipio's Gardens and Other Poems. Samuel Valentine Cole.
- Four Great Venetians. Frank Preston Stearns.

Appleton and Company:
- A History of Chinese Literature. Herbert A Giles.
- A Hero in Homespun. William E. Barton.
- Mrs. Clyde. Julien Gordon.
- The Private Life of King Edward VII. By a Member of the Royal Household.

Bates, Frank A.:
- Bates Genealogy, Genealogy of the Descendants of Edward Bates of Weymouth, Mass. Samuel Austin Bates.

Buckles and Company:
- The Conquest of London. Dorothea Gerard.

Cassell and Company:
- Tales from the Decameron. Giovanni Boccaccio.
- The Shepherds' Calendar. Edmund Spenser.

Cooke and Fry:
- Random Fancies. James B. Townsend.

Harper and Brothers:
- Eastover Court House. Henry Burnham Boone and Kenneth Brown.

Home Publishing Company:
- Tangled Flags. Archibald Clavering Gunter.

Jenkins:
- La Sainte-Catherine. André Theuriet.
- The Story of Valentine and His Brother. Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant.

Lane:
- Poems. By Alexander Blair Thaw.
- Ad Astra. Charles Whitworth Wynne.

Lemcke and Buechner:
- The New Dispensation. J. Wilson.

Longmans, Green and Company:
- How the Garden Grew. Maud Maryon.
- The Oresteia of Æschylus. G. C. W. Warr.
- The Teaching of Latin and Greek in the Secondary School. By Charles E. Bennett and George P. Bristol.

Lupton Publishing Company:
- Gwynett of Thornhaugh. Frederick W. Hayes.

Macmillan Company:
- Considerations on Painting. Lectures Given in the Year 1893 at the Metropolitan Museum of New York. By John Lafarge.
- A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue. Edited by Stopford A. Brooke and T. W. Rolleston.
- Who's Who, 1901. An Annual Biographical Dictionary.
- The American Negro. William Hannibal Thomas.
- A Dictionary of Architecture and Building. Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D.

Mansfield, M. F.:
- The Book of Omar and Rubaiyat. Being a Book of Miscellanies, Biographical and Pictorial Notes on Omar Khayyam of Naishapur and His Inspired Quatrains.

McClure, Phillips and Company:
- The Richard Mansfield Acting Version of King Henry V.
- The Philippines: The War and the People. Albert G. Robinson.

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Myers, Gustavus:
The History of Tammany Hall. Gustavus Myers.

Neely:
Under Pike's Peak. Charles L. McKesson.

Oxford University Press, American Branch:
The Teachers' Commentary on the Gospel According to St. Matthew. F. N. Peloubet, D.D.

Putnam's Sons:
The Historical Development of Modern Europe, 1815-1897.

Rabinowitz:
History of the Jews. P. Wiernik.

Rand, McNally and Company:
Norton's Complete Hand-Book of Havana and Cuba. Albert J. Norton.
Nell Gwynne of Old Drury. Hall Downing.

Scribner's Sons:
Oliver Twist. Charles Dickens.
Nicholas Nickleby. Charles Dickens.
The Pickwick Papers. Charles Dickens.
Martin Chuzzlewit. Charles Dickens.
The Old Curiosity Shop. Charles Dickens.
A Tale of Two Cities. Charles Dickens.
The Child: A Study in the Evolution of Man. A. F. Chamberlain.
The Inhabitants of the Philippines. F. H. Sawyer.
Justification and Reconciliation. Ritschl.
Christmas Books. Charles Dickens.

Silver, Burdett and Company:
The Traveller and the Deserted Village. Edited by Frederick Tupper.
Sesame and Lilies. Edited by Agnes S. Cook.
Lancelot and Elaine. Alfred Tennyson. Edited by James E. Thomas.
Sohrab and Rustum. Matthew Arnold. Edited by Joseph B. Seabury.
An Elementary Spanish Reader. L. A. Loiseaux.
An Elementary Grammar of the Spanish Language. Loiseaux.

Stokes Company:
With Christ at Sea. Frank T. Bullen.

Taylor and Company:
Lords of the North. A. C. Laut.

Whitaker:
How to Study the Life of Christ. Alford A. Butler.

BOSTON, MASS.

Badger and Company:
Wellesley Stories. Grace Louise Cook.

Ellis:
A Sketch of the Munro Clan. James Phinney Munro.

Ginn and Company:
Foundations of Botany. Joseph Y. Bergen, A.M.

Heath and Company:
The Bird Book. Fannie Hardy Eckstrom.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:
Murillo. A Collection of Fifteen Pictures and a Portrait of the Painter, with Introduction and Interpretation. By Estelle M. Hurll.

Little, Brown and Company:
Memoirs. Daudet.
Sappho. Daudet.
Memories of a Man of Letters and Artists' Wives. Daudet.
The Evangelist. Daudet.
Jack. 2 vols. Daudet.
Monday Tales. Daudet.
Letters from My Mill, etc. Daudet.
The Support of the Family, and Notes on Life. Daudet.

Noyes, Platt and Company:
American Art Annual, 1900-1901. Vol. III. Florence N. Levy.

Sanborn and Company:
The Art of Translating. H. C. Tolman.

Small, Maynard and Company:
The Poems of Philip Henry Savage. Edited, with an Introduction, by Daniel Gregory Mason.
Thomas Jefferson. Thomas E. Watson.

CHICAGO.

Blue Sky Press:
To Omar, Spoil of the North Wind. E. M. Mosher.

Jamieson-Higgins Company:
Short Story Masterpieces. M. E. Wilkins, Octave Thanet, Opie Read, Mrs. General George E. Pickett, Irving Bacheller, John Habberton, Stanley Waterloo, Mrs. Wade Hampton, Jr., General Charles King, Elizabeth M. Gilmer, Elizabeth Phipps Train, Julia Truitt Bishop, Helen H. Gardener, Jeannette H. Walworth, George Ade and many others.

Kheiralla:
Beha 'U'llah. Ibrahim George Kheiralla, assisted by Howard MacNutt.

McClurg and Company:
The Last Years of the Nineteenth Century. Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer.

Scott, Foresman and Company:
The Expansion of the American People. Edwin Erle Sparks.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Lippincott Company:
Sands of Sahara. Maxwell Sommerville.

CLEVELAND.

Burrows Brothers Company:
The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents. R. G. Thwaites.

LINCOLN, NEB.

Kiote Publishing Company:
Miniatures. George C. Shedd.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Payot, Upham and Company:
Argonaut Letters. Jerome Hart.

Whitaker and Ray Company:
About Dante and His Beloved Florence. F. F. Sanborn.
Moral Culture as a Science. Theoda Wilkins and B. Wilkins.
Backsheesh: A Woman's Wanderings. Mrs. William Beckman.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Yawman and Stupp:
A Message from Garcia. C. G. Harger, Jr.

MEADVILLE, PA.

The No-Breakfast Plan and the Fasting Cure. Edward Hooker Dewey. Published by the Author. 2 vols.

SURREY, ENGLAND.

Edward Gordon Craig:
The Page.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

J. M. Dent and Company:
The Inferno of Dante. Alighieri.
The Romance of the Rose. W. Lorris and J. Slopinel. Englished by F. S. Ellis. Vol. III.

HAVANA.

A Canadian Calendar: XII. Lyrics. Francis Sherman.

WASHINGTON.

Government Printing Office:
Seventeenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, 1895-96. J. W. Powell.

PRINCETON, N. J.

The University Library:
Philip Vickers Fithian, Journal and Letters, 1767-1774. Edited for the Princeton Historical Association by John Rogers Williams.

CHILLICOTHE, MO.

Lost Chords. Lulu Spears Dearing. Published by the Author.

LOUISVILLE.

Press of John P. Morton and Company:
Webs. Bert Finck.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Publishing House M. E. Church, South, Barbee & Smith, Agents:
Pioneers of Southern Literature. Samuel Albert Link.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between January 1, 1901, to February 1, 1901.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. L'Aiglon. Carolus. (Brentano.) $1.50.
6. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50 and $1.00.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
4. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Sky Pilot. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.
6. More Fables. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Furnace of Earth. Rives. (Camelot Co.) $1.25.
5. Wanted—A Matchmaker. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
6. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
6. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Quincy Adams Sawyer. Pidgin. (C. M. Clark Publishing Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
5. Uncle Terry. Munn. (Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
6. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton.) $7.50 net.
2. April Baby Book of Tunes. (Macmillan.) $1.50 net.
3. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.
4. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

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5. Life and Letters of Thomas Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton.) $5.00 net.
6. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Uncle Terry. Munn. (Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Napoleon: The Last Phase. Rosebery. (Harper.) $3.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.
2. L'Aiglon. Carolus. (Brentano.) 50 cents.
3. Henry V. Mansfield Edition. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) 50 cents.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50
5. Joy of Captain Ribot. Valdés. (Brentano.) $1.25.
6. An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell and Brentano.) $1.00 and $1.50.
4. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Last Years of the Nineteenth Century. Latimer. (McClurg & Co.) $2.50.
6. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
4. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Literary Friends and Acquaintance. Howells. (Harper.) $2.50.
6. Napoleon: The Last Phase. Rosebery. (Harper.) $3.00.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Darlingtons. Peake. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
4. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Sky Pilot. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Uncle Terry. Munn. (Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
4. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The House Behind the Cedars. Chesnutt. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
4. More Fables. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.
5. The Expatriates. Bell. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Home Folks. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
5. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
6. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

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5. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Riddle of the Unwise. Haeckel. (Harper.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Wanted—A Matchmaker. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
4. An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) 50 cents.
5. On the Wing of Occasions. Harris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Crittenden. Fox, Jr. (Harper.) $1.25.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Duke. Cloustan. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Girl at the Half-Way House. Hough. (Appleton.) $1.50.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. The Great Boer War. Doyle. (Morang.) $1.50.
   The Duke. Cloustan. (Copp-Clark Co.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Briggs.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.
3. The Mantle of Elijah. Zangwill. (Gage.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.
4. Lords of the North. Laut. (Briggs.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.
5. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Montreal News Co.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.
6. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Copp-Clark Co.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Herod. Phillips. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Tribune Primer. Field. (Mutual Book Co.) 10 and 30 cents.
3. An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) 35 cents and $1.50 net.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.
6. Quincy Adams Sawyer. Pidgin. (C. M. Clark Publishing Co.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) 50 cents.
3. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.
4. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Wanted—A Matchmaker. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Clyde. Gordon. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. That Mainwaring Affair. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.
3. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
5. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The House of Egremont. Seawell. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. McLoughlin and Old Oregon. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. Stories of Oregon. Dye. (Whitaker & Ray Co.) 60 cents.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

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3. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.
2. L'Aiglon. Carolus. (Brentano.) $1.00.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Napoleon: The Last Phase. Rosebery. (Harper.) $3.00.
6. Songs from Bohemia. O'Connell. (Robertson.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, O.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Great Boer War. Doyle. (Morang.) $1.50.
2. The Duke. Clouston. (Longmans.) 75 cents and $1.25.
3. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
4. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.50.
5. Eleanor. Ward. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.50.
6. More Fables. Ade. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood Was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.
5. The Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday, McClure & Co.) $1.50.
6. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Herod. Phillips. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
   Alice of Old Vincennes. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.
6. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
   Richard Yea-and-Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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